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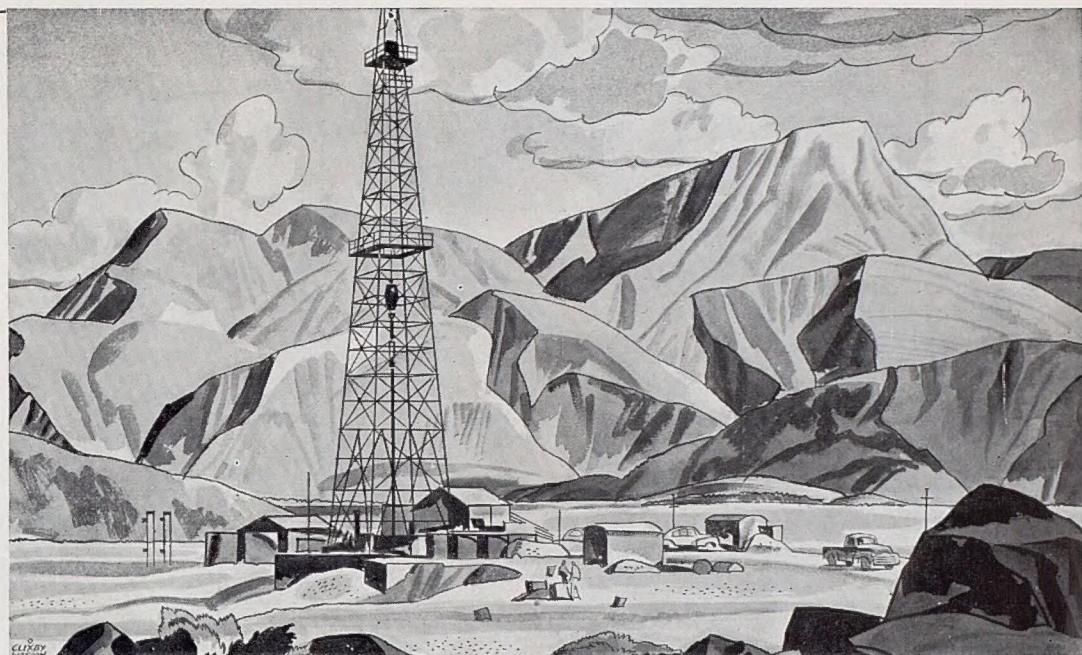
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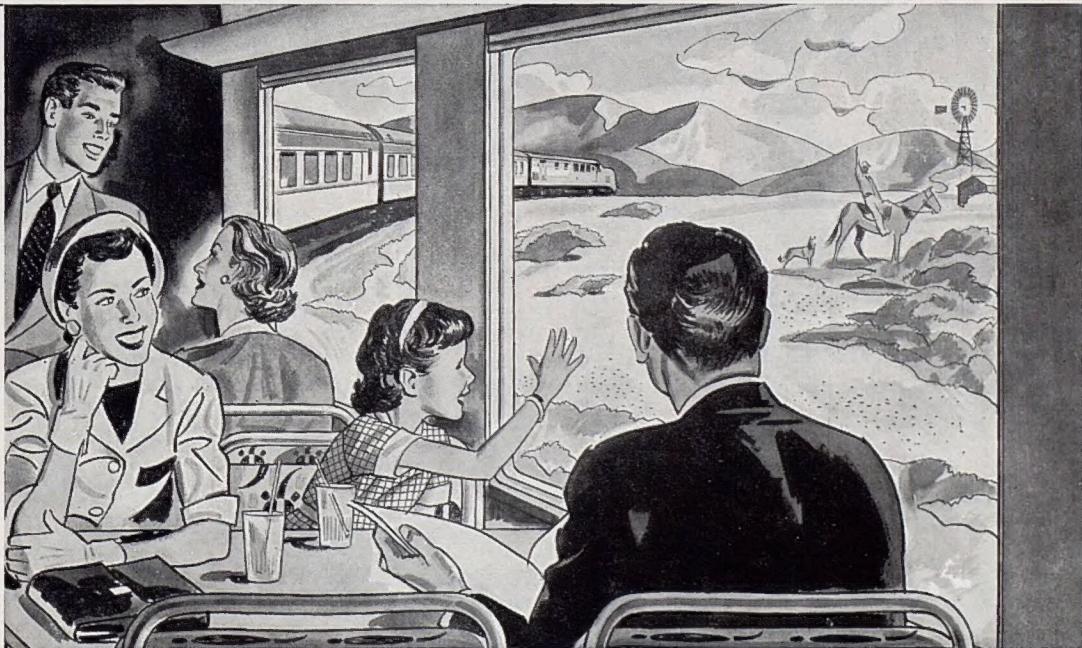
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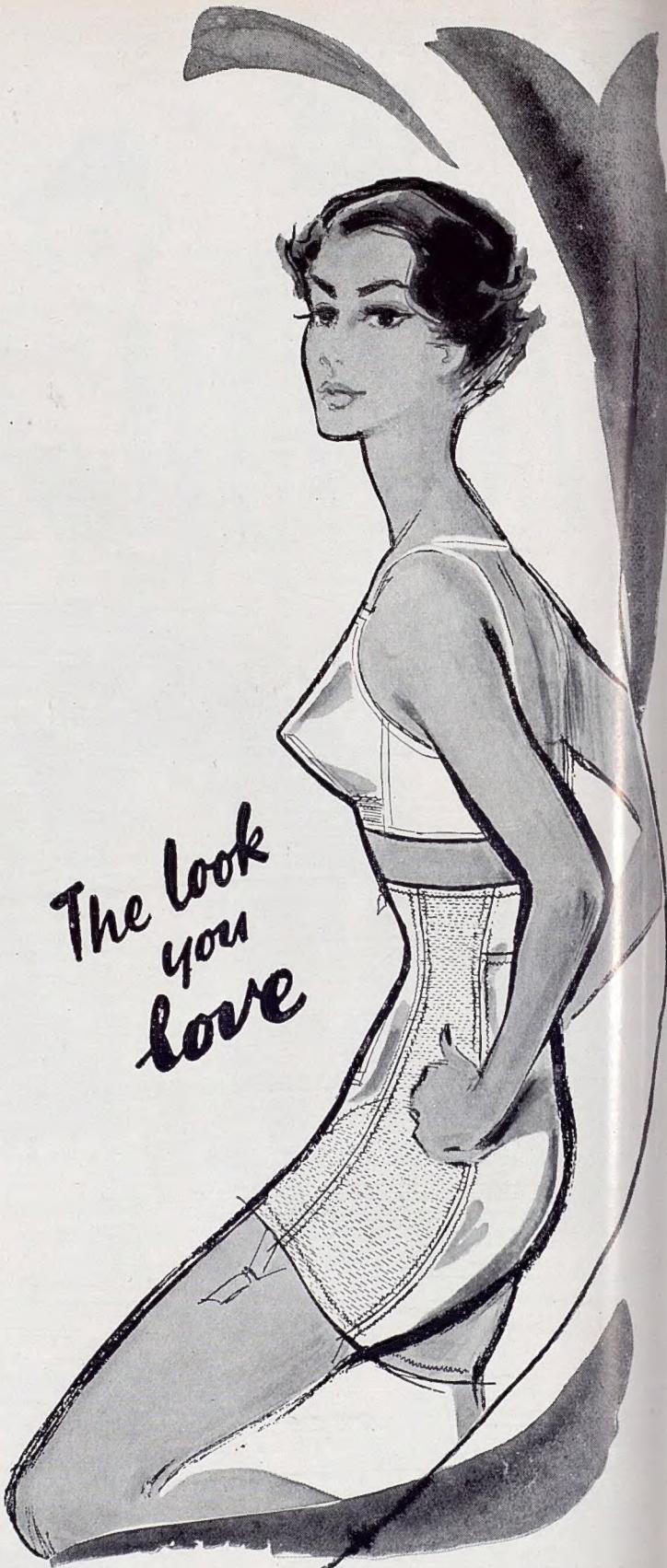
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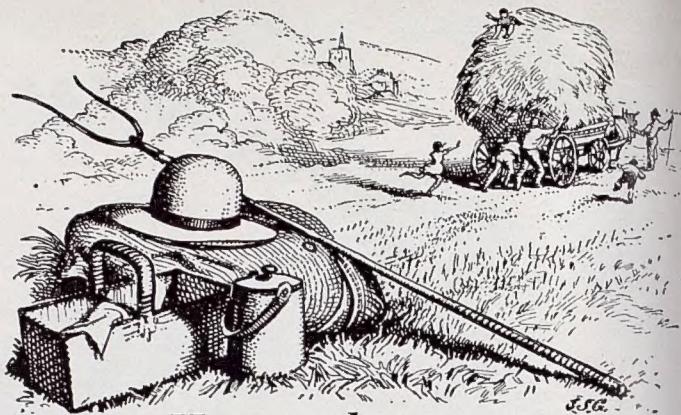
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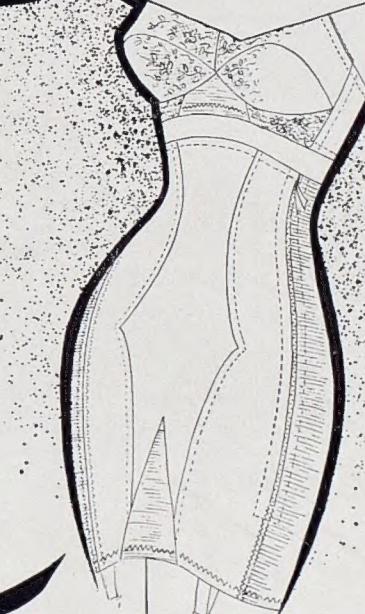
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APRIL 21
1954



Baron

TO BE MARRIED
IN EARLY JUNE

MISS ADRIANA SAMENGO TURNER, the subject of this charming photograph, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Samengo Turner, of Claires Court, Maidenhead. She is to be married on June 5 to Mr. Brian Barrie, elder son of Mr. Walter Barrie, of Maidenhead. Mr. Barrie senior was deputy chairman of Lloyd's in 1951 and 1953

HORIZONS OF SUMMER GAVE ZEST TO DANCE

HELMSEN of the National Swallow class gave a dance of true nautical breeziness—albeit in Kensington—to celebrate the anticipatory delights of the fitting-out season. Dinner preceded dancing, the captain of the class, Mr. Norman Moore, being in the chair, and welcoming a company of some 120. The Swallows are a comparatively new class, slightly smaller than Dragons, and their main flotilla is located at Chichester Harbour



Mrs. J. G. C. Trench and her father, Mr. Norman Moore, Captain of the Swallow Class and owner of Kabaka, were chatting at the Rembrandt Hotel with Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. John Nicholson, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Albert Y.C.



Mr. Robin Bevan, owner of the Swallow class Cloud, was explaining a yacht-racing tactic to Miss Anne Bishop



Miss Phyl Hardinge was partnered by Mr. Geoffrey Glanville, joint-owner of famed Blue Phantom



Miss Gillian Webb was introduced to a mascot by Migrant's owner, Mr. Hans Heyman, and Mrs. Baba Sparkes



Happy prospects for the coming season were being visualized by Mr. Philip Woolley, Mr. Ian Butler, Mrs. Robin Bevan, Mrs. Pollock and Mr. David Pollock, owner of Spoonbill



Brig. F. B. Pinchard, Mrs. Arthur Robb, Mr. H. K. Andreae, owner of Clodagh Mary, and Hon. Treasurer, Royal Yachting Association, Mrs. Pinchard and Mr. Arthur Robb, the yacht designer



Fayer

WIDE AWAKE after her christening is Antonia Jane, daughter of F/Lt. H. V. C. Hawker, and Mrs. Hawker, of Park Cottage, Westerham, Kent. The picture was taken at Royden, East Peckham, Kent, the beautiful home of F/Lt. Hawker's mother, Mrs. Alice Cook

Society Journal

Jennifer

Birthday Greetings To Her Majesty

TODAY, April 21, is the true and unofficial birthday of our beloved young Queen Elizabeth II. We wish her a very happy celebration, and look forward to her return to this country on May 15.

★ ★ ★

At the Allied Circle headquarters in Green Street, the panelled first floor reception room was very full during the reception given to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty. Lord Dudley Gordon, President of the Circle, received the guests with Viscount Duncannon, chairman of the International Atlantic Committee, and Sir David Kelly, President of the British Atlantic Committee.

The guest of honour was Lady Kirkpatrick, who also deputized for Sir Ivone, who was unavoidably absent. She looked charming in a

black velvet coat with a little white cap. Among the members of the Diplomatic Corps present were the Italian Ambassador, M. Brosio, who was talking to Sir Frank and Lady Roberts, the Dutch Ambassador and Mme. Stikker, the Turkish Ambassador, Mons. H. R. Baydur, and the Danish Ambassador, M. Steensen-Leth, the latter talking with the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who brought a young Italian friend, Signor Marco D'Alberti della Briga. Lady Dudley Gordon was making her way through the room greeting friends, as were Lady Evelyn Jones and Mrs. McNeil Robertson, who is such an active personality at the Allied Circle. Lord and Lady Granchester came looking very fit after their stay in St. Moritz. Others at the party included Mr. John Epstein, Professor G. W. Brown, Mr. Dodds Parker, Col. Grace and Sir Rupert Hay.

NEVER have I heard more continuous laughter from an audience than at the Lyric Theatre on the first night of Robert Morley's new play, *Hippo Dancing*, in which he plays the lead in his most brilliant fashion. The piece is based on a

comic idea by André Roussin, which is acknowledged in the programme. There was tremendous applause at the end and there would undoubtedly have been curtain after curtain if the mechanism had not stuck! Eventually when Robert Morley stepped forward to make a speech of thanks, the curtains had to be held back by stage hands.

Mrs. Morley, wearing a mink coat over her evening dress, was sitting in the stalls with their schoolboy son, Sheridan, and nearby I saw Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, who were talking to Sir Adrian Jarvis in the interval. Also in the audience were Mrs. Emlyn Williams, Lord and Lady Gifford and Mr. Peter Glenville, producer of *The Prisoner*, starring Alec Guinness, which was due to open a week later at the Globe.

★ ★ ★

AFTER the theatre, I looked in for a short while at the Lansdowne Club in Berkeley Square, where I found the Spring Ball in progress. A feature of this club is the number of young members, and the ballroom was crowded with them and their friends. It is not surprising that the club appeals to the younger man and woman, as not only are the premises up to date and extremely comfortable, with adequate bedroom accommodation which is especially appreciated by country members, but there is also a swimming pool and four of the best squash racket courts in London.

The price of tickets for the ball was kept to under a sovereign, which included an excellent buffet supper. Drinks soft and otherwise could be bought, while champagne if required was sold by the glass, a most sensible way of providing it at this kind of function. Col. Ware, the very efficient secretary, was busy seeing the ball went smoothly, as also was Mr. David Farquharson, a very live member of the committee, whose sister Felicity was there.

MR. FARQUHARSON was among those who brought parties, as did Mr. Christopher Scott, a fine oar, Mr. Glyn Barton, Lady Caroe, Mr. Robin Hindson and Mrs. R. D. Gillespie, whose party included her débutante daughter Christine, who looked charming in the palest pink. Other young girls dancing included Miss Kirstie Moncrieff, Miss Virginia Morrison, and Miss Mary Orr-Deas who was among those performing an eightsome. Mr. Melville Bousted and his wife were at the ball, also Miss Mary Glen Haig, one of our leading lady fencers.

This was the second ball at the Lansdowne Club, the first having taken place in January. Both had such a great success that the committee are now hoping to hold one in July and another in the

(Continued overleaf)



THE HON. CRYSTAL RUSSELL, a débutante this year, was presented at one of the Buckingham Palace parties in March. She is the daughter of Lady Jessel and stepdaughter of Sir George Jessel, Bt., of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent, where she is to have a dance on July 23



Lady (Frank) Roberts, whose husband is Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was talking to the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen at the Circle's Green Street, W. headquarters



H.E. The Danish Ambassador and Mme. Steensen-Leth arriving for this very good reception

THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY of the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty was marked in London by a reception given at the Allied Circle. Eminent guests, many from abroad, were present, and were received by Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon and Sir David Kelly

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

A Debutante Hostess With Her Friend

autumn. Incidentally, I heard that in the autumn they are going to hold evening classes for reels and Scottish country dances at the club, and among members who have promised to help to get them going is Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, who so efficiently organized similar classes in London for her friends a couple of years ago.

* * *

"**W**HAT wonderful paintings!"—this was the exclamation of many I met at the private view of the work by that gifted Italian artist Pietro Annigoni, which is being shown at the Wildenstein Galleries in New Bond Street until May 1. This artist, who is only in his forties, is undoubtedly a leader of his generation, and his work has been favourably compared by art critics with the masters of the past. He shows landscapes, still life paintings and portraits. The latter, which are superbly painted in every detail, are in each case an astonishing likeness of the sitter. Perhaps the most beautiful in this collection is the lovely portrait of Miss Juanita Forbes.

Among those who came to the private view were the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Lord Moran, whose portrait is among those in the exhibition, Lady Ogilvy with her mother, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Tres Morton and her daughter, Caroline, Charlotte Lady Bonham-Carter and Mrs. Stone, who was talking to Mme. Zulficar. Others there included Viscountess Norwich, Sir Vivyan and the Hon. Lady Naylor-Leyland, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beddington and Margaret Rawlings and her husband, Sir Robert Barlow, who were standing near the very fine portrait Annigoni painted of her a few years ago. They told me they were delighted with another picture which they had bought from the exhibition earlier in the day. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and the Duchess of Argyll were two others at this private view.

I went to a very enjoyable cocktail party given by Mrs. Charles Pinckney for her débutante daughter, Miss Gay Pinckney, at their charming flat in Albert Hall Mansions. The guests, with the exception of less than a dozen near relations and very close friends, were all contemporaries of Gay who are also making their début this year, and other young people, many of whom are up at the



MRS. MAXWELL JOSEPH is giving a joint dance with Mrs. Peter Lewis for their daughters, Miss Gillian Joseph and Miss Petronella Lewis, in London on Friday. Mrs. Joseph lives in St. James's Street and is, like her husband, a keen racing enthusiast. She owns the promising four-year-old, Washington Fair

Universities or doing their National Service. Gay, who wore a full skirted dress of slate blue organza over taffeta, was an excellent little hostess, busily introducing all her friends so that no one was ever left on their own. Guests included the Hon. Crystal Russell, wearing a delightful little eye veil with her silk dress. She was talking to Miss Carol Bailey and Mr. Tony Fox, the sculler, who is very modest about his fine achievements. Miss Romayne Capper in a printed silk dress I saw with a group of friends, among whom were Mr. Michael Bryar, the hostess's nephew, who was out in Korea until quite recently.

Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths arrived with the Hon. Mary Stopford, while others I saw at the party included Mr. Raymond Salisbury-Jones, Mr. James Tucker, younger son of the famous manipulative surgeon, Miss Caroline Keeling, Miss Janet Illingworth, Mr. Graham Gordon, just back from Germany, Miss Sarah Askew, Miss Angela Birnie, Mr. Tim Thornton and Mr. Philip de Laszlo, who are both with the Coldstream Guards stationed in London. Also there was a 1953 débutante, Miss Lucinda Leveson-Gower, whose father, Brig. Hugh Leveson-Gower, is giving a dance for her at his charming home, Charleshill Court, Tilford, on June 15, the Tuesday of Royal Ascot Week.

Dr. Pinckney was at home to help his wife and daughter entertain their guests, as also was his young son David, who had returned from Winchester, where he is in Chernocke House, the previous day.

Among the older guests I met at the party were Mr. Ian Bailey and his brother Graham, who have two nieces, Miss Fiona Duthy and Miss Belinda Gold, making their début this season, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney and Mrs. Ronnie Brooks.

* * *

As the opening of the new British musical at the London Hippodrome, *Wedding In Paris*, took place on a Saturday night, it was not a very socially distinguished audience, but it certainly was an enthusiastic one. When Evelyn Laye made her first appearance—her return to musical comedy after nine years—the whole show was held up by the tremendous welcome she was given. It was stopped again in the second half when the young American, Jeff Warren, sang his tuneful number, "I Must Have Been Crazy," and although the curtain had gone up on the next scene, the audience applauded until it was drawn down and Jeff Warren returned to sing his song again.

Anton Walbrook, who gave as always a polished and fascinating performance, had to give an encore of his catchy song, "Strike Another Match."

I personally enjoyed this spectacular new British musical greatly. Frank Lawton was in



Sir David Kell, who is President of the British Atlantic Committee, with the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Woodruff



Lady Duncannon, one of the hostesses, with Viscount Hood, a Counsellor at the Foreign Office



Lady Granchester was having a talk with Mr. Douglas Woodruff, the eminent publicist

the audience to watch his wife, Evelyn Laye, make her first comeback, and afterwards I saw him, accosted by Helena Lady Hardwicke, hurrying backstage after the final curtain to congratulate her. The Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry were among the audience in the stalls, also Sir Louis Lady Sterling and Elizabeth Allan.

★ ★ ★

EDR. DON DOMINGO DERISI, the Argentine Ambassador, who is president of the Anglo-Argentine Society, received the guests with Davidson, president of the Hispanic Society, at a reception at Canning House. This was members of the British delegation at the annual Film Festival on their return from the Vicomtesse d'Orthez, better known actress Moira Lister, was talking to Dr. the Argentine Embassy, and nearby were Sir and Lady Korda, who are delighted new home in Kensington Palace Gardens. She was wearing a lace dress trimmed of white ermine.

Actor Trevor Howard was with his wife Helen Cherry and Mrs. Breton Argentine, who wore a small straw hat with velvet with her short-sleeved velvet at the party were Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Capt. and Mrs. Anthony Kimmins, Mr. Mr. Targett-Adams, and Mrs. Mariaold, who was going to Paris the next

★ ★ ★

In a charming flat in Lowndes Street which he with Lord St. Just, Mr. Derek Stanley gave a very small and informal party one evening. A coal fire burnt cheerfully in the

double drawing-room with pale green walls and red and cream striped curtains, where guests sat around and listened to songs in English, French, Spanish and Brazilian sung by that clever artist, Anna Marly, who among other compositions wrote the French "Partisan's Song." Anna Marly, who is Russian by birth, accompanies herself on a guitar. Since the party she has left for Rome where she is fulfilling an engagement to sing.

Among the guests enjoying the evening were Mr. John Busby, Master of the Woodland Pytchley, Miss Maria Britneva and Mrs. Mariana Bowater de Melo, who like the artist are both Russians by birth, and Miss Ann Johnston-Noad looking very pretty in an unusual shade of old rose pink. She came with Lord John Cholmondeley. Mr. Ralph Henderson and his Brazilian-born wife, who have a charming home in Chelsea where they have some lovely pictures including works by Poussin and Degas, I met talking to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Gilmour, who have only just returned with their two young daughters from Moscow. They also have gone to live at Chelsea in a house belonging to friends of the Hendersons in the Diplomatic Corps. Count Shouvaloff and the Hon. Alistair Boyd were having a word with Mr. Stanley Smith, who was in great form after his trip to Jamaica, and like his guests was enjoying the varied repertoire of songs by this young Russian singer.

★ ★ ★

SELDOM, I should think, has there been a more popular day for big weddings than the twenty-fourth of this month. I have had five invitations but can only fit in one, the first I received, to see Miss Anne Boylan married to Capt. Michael Dewey in London in the morning, and fly with the wedding party to Ireland for the reception at

the bride's home in Drogheda that afternoon. Another wedding in London that day will take place at St. James's, Spanish Place, when Miss Maureen O'Brien marries Mr. Richard Bickford.

At Lacock Parish Church in Wiltshire, Miss Elizabeth Burt marries Mr. Peter Keddie and they are having the reception at the bride's home, Lacock Abbey.

AWAY in Norfolk, Miss Rosemary Cook will marry Mr. Michael Litton in St. Andrew's Church, Ryburgh, where her elder sister Geraldine, now Mrs. Douglas Temple-Richards, was married four years ago. Her parents, Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, are holding the reception after the marriage at their charming home, Sennowe Park.

Lastly, in Scotland, Miss Gillian Grant will become the bride of Capt. Ivan Straker, and after the ceremony, her stepfather and mother, Capt. and Mrs. W. Smith-Grant, will hold a reception, followed by a dance in the evening, at their beautiful home, Orton in Morayshire. It is certain to be a wonderful party and much enjoyed by their many friends, not only in the district but those who have come a long way for the wedding and will be staying in neighbouring house parties.

★ ★ ★

POLOMYELITIS research is something that we all have at heart, for I am sure everyone is seriously interested in the cause and cure of this dreaded disease which afflicts so many of our young people today. I have just heard of a dance being organized in Cheshire to raise funds for this most valuable research.

(Continued overleaf)



The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Gave A Dance The Night Before Their Annual Point-to-Point

An informal party enjoying conversation on the stairs: Left, Mr. Geoffrey Lewis and Miss Bridget Byron; centre, Dr. M. Veale; foreground, Mrs. G. Whyntie, Miss Belinda Firbank, Capt. Richard Sale and (standing), Dr. Geoffrey Whyntie



Mrs. Jack Hirsch and Mrs. J. H. L. Holford were talking to Col. C. E. Grenville-Grey. The event was at Major and Mrs. Barrington Chance's home, Braydon Hall, Minety, Wilts, and the attendance of 150 guests greatly helped the Wire Fund

Social Journal (Contd.)

A Book Party In Mayfair

It will take place on the Friday of Chester Race week, May 7, at the Winnington Hall Club, which is one of the loveliest houses in Cheshire. A go-ahead committee has been set up, consisting of Lady Chichester of Ollerton, Mrs. Baker-Wilbraham, Mrs. Roger Lee, Mrs. Scott Forsyth, Mrs. Gilbert Innew, Earl Kitchener of Khartoum and Mr. C. Blackmore, who is acting as honorary secretary. This is sure to be a very good dance, and most hostesses in the district will be taking their house parties. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. Blackmore at 435 Chester Road, Hartford, nr. Northwich.

★ ★ ★

AMATEUR theatricals, which were so much more popular in our grandparents' time than today, can be the greatest fun, not only for those taking part in them, but also for those fortunate enough to be in the audience. It is good to hear that rehearsals are going ahead well for *The Frog* with an amateur company. The cast contains many of the leading players who took part in the very successful production of *Lord Algy* last year, including Lord Porchester, Viscount Ednam, and Mrs. Gerald Legge, who has been having her tonsils out, and for whom Princess Margaret so kindly deputized at some of the rehearsals.

Mr. Billy Wallace is another in the cast. He is also one of the organizers with Miss Judy Montagu and the Hon. Anthony Berry. Others in the play this year include among well-known names, the Duke of Devonshire, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, the Hon. Peter Ward, Viscountess Norwich and the Hon. Katherine Smith. *The Frog* is to be given for three nights this year, as last year, the only two performances were quickly sold out. The dates are June 1, 2 and 3 at the Scala Theatre, and proceeds will again go to the Invalid Children's Aid Association, from whose headquarters at 4 Palace Gate, W.8 (Fremantle 2382) tickets can be obtained.

★ ★ ★

In the softly panelled showroom of his "Haute Couture" maison in Savile Row, Mr. Hardy Amies gave a cocktail party to celebrate the publication of his book *Just So Far*, a light and interesting autobiography which I found very readable. Mr. Amies, who is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant designers in Europe today, took the house in Savile Row after the war when it was in a very badly damaged condition. Previously Lord Granby's sister, the Hon. Kay Norton, had carried on a very successful couture business here, but she retired when the war started and did not reopen her business. This house and those adjoining were originally built in 1735 by Lord Burlington, in what was then the garden of Burlington House. The first tenant in 1736 was the Hon. George Berkley, and a later one the dramatist Sheridan, who moved in about 1813 and died there in 1816.

Guests at the party were mostly members of the literary and fashion worlds. Among the latter were Lady Pamela Berry, looking very chic wearing a wine red velvet cap with a black coat. She has recently taken on the presidency of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, and arrived at the party with Mrs. Ian Fleming, just back from Jamaica, who was also at one time chairman of the Society. Mrs. Kay Lumley was sitting talking to friends. She is the sister of Mr. Edward Molyneux, who, until he retired a few years ago owing to failing sight, was a most brilliant designer. Mrs. Lumley had been out in Jamaica staying with her brother at his lovely new villa above Montego Bay, where he devotes some of his time to painting, and where, happily, his sight has greatly improved. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, arrived looking very charming in a full skirted grey faille evening dress and a brilliant red satin stole round her shoulders. She had a long talk with her host before going on to a dinner engagement.



Miss Joanna Burgess was in conversation with Lady Bull, one of the hostesses for the evening

A DINNER AND DANCE FOR THE YOUNGER SET

JOINT hostesses, the Countess of Halsbury, Lady Bull and Mrs. Anthony Haigh gave a party for over eighty young people at the Dolphin Square Restaurant at the beginning of the Easter holidays. Waltzes and Scottish reels proved popular requests



Miss Anne Browning was going round the floor with Mr. Patrick Forde, who is at school at Christ's Hospital



Miss Elizabeth Durlacher, daughter of Lady Sheila Durlacher, with Mr. Martin Kenyon



Miss June Cardiff danced an old-fashioned waltz with Bryan Dykes, now at Rugby

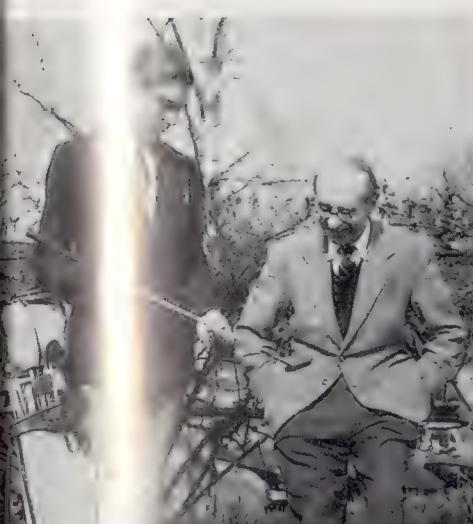


Mr. Anthony Haigh, Miss Laura Haigh, Mr. Nigel Haigh and the Countess of Halsbury voted the party a great success when it finally ended shortly before midnight



Mr. S. Marshall-Andrew and his son D. Marshall-Andrew, who were defeated 4 and 3 by Mr. John Bristowe and his father, Mr. A. P. Bristowe

FATHERS AND SONS teamed up as partners in the annual tournament held at West Hill Club, Brookwood. There was a strong entry of sixty-four couples for the first round. The winners were Mr. D. M. Kennedy and his son M. B. Kennedy for the second year in succession



Mr. Graham Pratt of Charterhouse, who played for England against Scotland in the Boys' International in 1953, with his father, Mr. D. H. Pratt



Ian Stungo, aged thirteen, a student at Merchant Taylors' School, listens to some paternal advice given by Dr. M. B. Stungo



Mr. Harry Watney with his wife and son, Mark Watney. They had a first round win over Mr. T. N. Boddy and J. A. Boddy by two holes



Mrs. C. D. K. Seaver, Dr. R. G. Seaver, Brig. C. D. K. Seaver and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. G. Seaver, have a family conference by the clubhouse

AT THE RACES

Hazards Of The Jumps

• Sabretache •

THE fatal casualties in this year's Grand National were bound to start an outcry in a section of the press, and equally we were bound to hear suggestions that the race should be abolished forthwith.

Yet steeplechasing, even including the Grand National, is not the most dangerous pastime in the world, far from it in fact. You and I and the other chap do a thing much more dangerous almost every day of our lives and think nothing about it—crossing a road, especially in London—but we do not write to the papers or to our pet M.P. and demand that roads and slaughtermobiles should at once be liquidated and all people who drive them put inside.

Where steeplechasing is concerned I am afraid that with a large section of the "audience" it is a case of *omne ignotum pro horribilis*, and that when fatal accidents occur this section of the community is a bit apt to get things out of focus. Of course all jump-racing is dangerous; of course Aintree is big and very stiff; but if we shied off everything that is dangerous we should never get anywhere.

Of those four horses killed in the National only two were so by reason of the fences, and one of them died of heart failure almost at the very beginning. In Shaun Spadah's year (1921) the winner was the only one to get round the course without a fall and the rest that finished had all been remounted. We heard nothing about any prosecutions or special Acts of Parliament! Actually, the best recipe for not getting hurt is to live dangerously. The more you try to take care of yourself the more likely you are to come to harm.

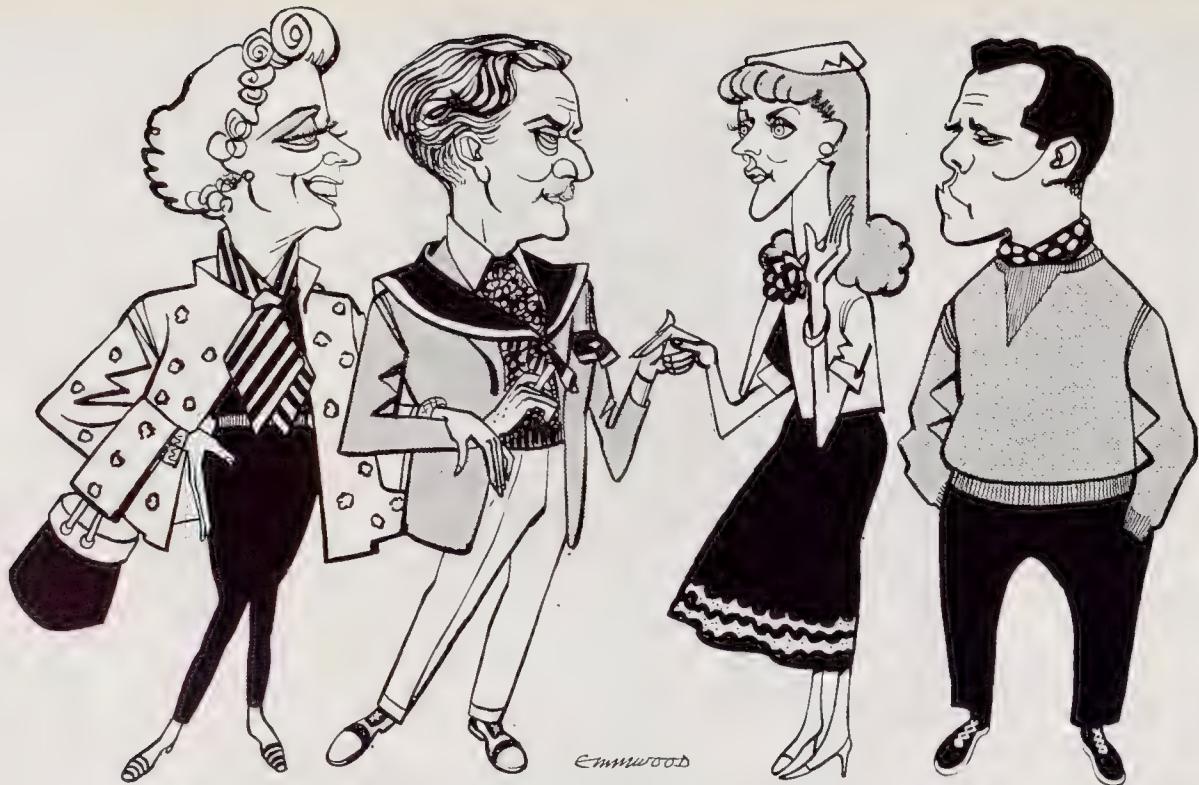
Lindsay Gordon's famous poem said: "Take care of yourself dull, boorish elf, though prudent and safe you seem; your pitcher will break on the musty shelf, but mine by the dazzling stream." It is so true! Some people who ride steeplechases are clever enough and famous enough to be able to pick their rides, and so more or less keep out of trouble, but if a personal note is not considered impertinent, in spite of the bad falls that I have had, many though they are, I never found that it did you any harm to ride anything that came your way, good, bad or indifferent.

We always like to think of our Grand National as the greatest jumping test in the whole world, which probably it is, for the variety where the fences are concerned makes it so, and the height and width which have to be covered at each of these enormous obstacles naturally take it out of even the best of jumpers. I do not know how the casualty lists at Flemington compare with our own, but they used to be pretty heavy, and people familiar with that particular race say that it often used to be seen that the jockeys had their whips out going into the first one just to get a good position.

We know what has been happening at the first jump in the Grand National for some years past, and why there are usually so many falls at this plain fence, which incidentally has a very slight drop. I never could see the point of being in too much of a hurry in any long-distance race, especially in steeplechases.



D. R. Stuart



THAT LATIN POLISH. Marcelle Thibault (Evelyn Laye) observes that the Gallic charm of Jacques Devallée (Anton Walbrook) is having a disturbing effect—in opposite directions—on the New World naïvety of Angy (Susan Swinford) and Paul Chandler (Jeff Warren)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"Wedding In Paris" (Hippodrome)

If you are stimulated by sharp contrasts the thing to do is to let the sordid realities of *Pal Joey* break on you one night and turn the next to this sweetly old-fashioned affair. A caressing zephyr is grateful after a piercing blast. *Wedding In Paris* has nothing whatever to do with the sordid realities of life. It makes a point of evading all realities. Except the romantic; and if you have dined wisely that can after all be a very agreeable reality.

Miss Evelyn Laye and Mr. Anton Walbrook set the impress of personal style on this particular reality. She is a merry divorcée whose habit of acquiring rich husbands as fast as she pleases and discarding them as fast as she pleases has become front page news. A dangerous woman, you might suppose, with a somewhat sordid mind, but as Miss Laye presents her she is nothing of the sort. She is an altogether delightful creature. She radiates a wholesome mischief, she wears with exquisite grace dresses chosen with exquisite taste and she quite dazzles our moral sense by casting a shimmering veil of vivacity over both her past indiscretions and her present intentions.

ALMOST certainly those intentions are under the control of a kind heart; almost certainly, nevertheless, they ought to give immediate concern to the rich French industrialist who is her fellow traveller on the liner making its leisurely way from Canada to France. He should realize that he has been marked down as a possible husband; but his mind happens at the moment to be engaged in another direction.

Mr. Walbrook's eternally youthful heart has been momentarily enchanted by the freshness and naïvety of a Canadian backwoods girl who is on her way to marry a Saskatchewan boy in Paris. He has started an elegant flirtation with this child, young enough to be his daughter, much to the annoyance of a pleasant youth who has the evening's chief love song already turning over in his heart and is naturally eager to release it as soon as may be on the moonlit upper deck. The French

industrialist is a dangerous man, you might suppose, with a somewhat sordid mind, but as Mr. Walbrook presents him he is nothing of the sort. The hero of a hundred charming affairs, he has never yet been caught by any woman. He has settled each of the affairs quite honourably—by finding the injured husband a lucrative post in his world-wide business organization and by insisting that he should take his wife with him.

SOME sourly realistic eyes might regard him as a horrid old wolf, but that is not how he appears to us. He is an elderly charmer with all the niceties of flirtation at his finger-tips. He is just as young as he feels and he has a good heart. In short, he is, as the designing divorcée assures the disturbed young lover, a gentleman.

So the evening cannot but be pleasant with Miss Laye and Mr. Walbrook playing providence to the callow lovers while their own romance comes not without some disconcerting delays to ripeness. The delays are caused by the odd reactions of the Canadian backwoods girl. She has duly heard the hero sing his love song on the upper deck and, of course, finds that the brash bridegroom confidently awaiting her arrival in Paris has mysteriously shed his Saskatchewan glamour.

But instead of rebounding straight back into the arms of the hero, the perverse child bounds sideways into the arms of her elderly admirer. Mr. Walbrook, as we know, is the kindest of men, and Heaven knows how the poor fish would get out of his predicament if the designing divorcée were not at hand with a lifetime's experience of just such predicaments gained from the other end of the angler's line.



MASSIVE ENIGMA is Dixwood Aiken, as played by Ryck Rydon

THE music is a little better than the lyrics and the lyrics are a great deal better than the dancing; but it is all very cheerful and dependent almost entirely on the charm of the principals. They are given good choral assistance by Mr. Jeff Warren and Miss Susan Swinford.



Miss M. Michell, at the Easter Egg stand, sold some attractive gifts to Lady Corry and Mrs. W. G. Beamish

AN EASTER BONNET FAIR was held recently in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind and the British Empire Society for the Blind. Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd kindly lent her home in Chapel Street for this charity occasion



The Duchess of Rutland, who was the chairman of the Fair, chatting to Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, the president



Mrs. Joan Vickers, who had just made some recent purchases from the stalls, chatting to Mrs. Clement Attlee



Lady Bird and Mrs. Tom Page inspected some daffodils amongst the wonderful display of spring flowers



Miss Jennifer Fearnley-Whittingstall sold cosmetics to Miss Mila Parely, who opened the Fair, with Mme. G. Bleuze

London Limelight



A preview of Mary Ellis as Mrs. Eryllynne, and Peter Graves as Lord Windermere

Another Oscar For Wilde?

NOËL COWARD'S musical version, of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, entitled *After the Ball*, will go to the Globe early in June, since the production has grown too large for the limited stage of the Lyric, Hammersmith. It will be directed by Robert Helpmann, fresh from his triumphs at Covent Garden, and decorated by Doris Zinkeisen. The latter, though she is superbly equipped for the ordeal, will have an onus of memory to bear, for the last designer in this field was Cecil Beaton, who has almost established a patent in the matter. Not only has he created scenery and costumes for the play in the U.S.A. and over here at the Haymarket, but he has himself appeared as Cecil Graham in San Francisco, and was the artistic genius behind the very elaborate film of *An Ideal Husband*, twin brother of her Ladyship's.

The cast will be strong in actors who can sing well and singers who can act passably.

I wonder if Wilde is preparing a literate version of any recent musicals during his spare moments in the Shades?

THE Janine Charrat Ballet Company, now at the Stoll, has high accomplishment, but can be no better than the material it chooses. At the opening the longest item, *Les Algues*, proved to be a dull, turgid story, reminiscent of *The Snake Pit*, treating of deformity and insanity. It nattered away at this sordid theme until the very iteration threatened to reduce the audience to the state of the dancers.

Far more acceptable was *Aubade*, performed to the music of Poulenc by Jean Bernard Lemoine and six splendid young women wearing the shortest of classical draperies, with the well-known long white evening gloves without which no self-respecting huntress was complete in the days of Diana and Actaeon.

THE R.A.D.A. matinee, given before an audience studded with the highest experts in the land, reflected more credit upon the students than on their professional producers. A budding Hamlet was allowed to make nearly every mistake of elocution, style and deportment in the calendar. Even if he happens to be an Ivor Novello Scholarship holder and possibly destined for the roles of his benefactor, this toleration cannot be helpful.

There were a number of ill-considered stage moves which provided examples of how not to do it and cannot be good for impressionable years. And has the school no teacher of dialect? But if there were no potential Oliviers on display, we should see, to our pleasure, more of Terence Knapp, whose Doctor in a chunk of Turgenev was adroitly supported by Shirley Roberts, another name for the book. Arthur Blake, Edward Hardwicke and Francis Hall go into the same category.

—Youngman Carter



THE MIRROR ON THE GROUND, slightly rippled by its delicate fountain spray, reflects Miss Heather MacDougall, Miss Alyson Glover, Mrs. Diana Cubitt (seated), Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan and Miss Jane Freidberger. They displayed models in a spring collection by Susan French, in the ballroom of Cottesbrooke Hall, Northants



MAJOR-GEN. E. D. FANSHAWE, Mrs. Gerald Glover, and Sir Gyles Isham, Bt., at Cottesbrooke Hall. The dress show and sale of goods were in aid of the Kettering Division Conservative Association

Talk Around the Town

THOSE who find pleasure in toyshops, and in such museums as exhibit the playthings of yesterday, may wonder whether there will ever be a display of the gifts showered during the Royal tour upon Princess Anne and the Prince Charles.

A few weeks ago a keen student of the sidelights of great events alleged that she had counted no fewer than thirty-six dolls received on their behalf to date. Even the little Cocos Islanders weighed in with some toy boats.

Not the least fascinating thing about toys is the proof they offer that man's entry into the world is on a reasonably common basis. The Egyptian dolls and rowing-boats in the British Museum would be accepted as normal

playthings by any child to-day, while the children of a palace are just as apt to be content with a brick tied to a piece of wood as an infant in an African mud-hut.

There used to be a fascinating collection of Victorian toys in the upstairs (or nursery) rooms of Lancaster House when it still held the London Museum. If any are now to be seen in Kensington Palace, I missed them on my visits.

I have no knowledge of the rate of destruction in the nurseries of to-day, but I feel it would take more than two children to put this monster consignment out of action before the owners grow up.

SOMEONE might care to calculate (although there is no real need for it) the number of times Her Majesty has heard "God Save the Queen" sung on her tour, from the

day she left London Airport to the moment she appears on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

She must surely have heard it in a fine variety of keys and tempos.

Listening to two national anthems the other night at the Ballets de Paris season, it came to me that they are not only expressions of national temperament but can even reflect current feeling. The "Marseillaise" was taken at such a brisk pace that you might picture the mob attacking the French Prime Minister under the Arc de Triomphe a day before. While our own anthem was also taken through at a pace which suggested that the conductor had just been reading of the unruly scenes in the House of Commons that day.

I have only stood up once for "Deutschland Uber Alles" since the war. How expressive it is of the sanctimonious emotionalism in which the Teutonic race is so rich!

* * *

Two young friends of mine who were to be married this month found almost at the last moment that their honeymoon in Italy would have to be cancelled—or at least postponed.

The bridegroom proved a resourceful man. He booked a suite at just about the most expensive hotel in London for the week-end, and then considered the places to which they would never normally go. For the Sunday he planned a run into the country to a resort which neither had ever visited; not in his own somewhat disreputable two-seater but in a chauffeur-driven car. When it was pointed out that if they got there later than two o'clock (which they intended to do), there would be nothing to drink on the table, he merely booked a room and became a resident. The holiday spirit was even stimulated by a visit to a private swimming-pool.

I asked how much it cost him.

"To have flown to Paris would have cost £28 in fares alone and would have been a rush," he said. "Our small suite for 2½ days cost me £16. We did the whole holiday for well under £30."

One of my own few happy memories of the blitz days of 1940 was doing rather this sort of thing; but minus the honeymoon.



ON HOLIDAY IN GEORGIA, U.S.A. Mr. George Fenwick, of London, Mrs. Hansen, her sister Mrs. Fenwick, and Mr. Leon Hansen walking by the shore at The Cloister, Sea Island, Georgia. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen come from Pittsburgh, Penn.

You could have almost any room or suite in the hotel in that autumn, quite cheaply.

If it is cheapness which you want on a holiday I can recommend the adventure of a friend of mine in France last year. Although of an eternally youthful disposition, he must be in years nearer sixty than fifty.

This did not prevent him professing a hitherto well-restrained interest in French culture in general, which qualified him for a month's summer course for young graduate students at a French university. He sheltered, in fact, behind his much younger wife, who had a genuine interest in such a subject.

For about 15s. a day they had rooms to themselves, endured a couple of hours talk in the morning, and the rest of the day was spent travelling round the countryside in the company of fellow-undergraduates or availing themselves of cheap fares on railways and buses.

The study of French culture on the near-by beaches seems to have absorbed a great deal of the time.

Was this playing quite fair? Of course; no more enthusiastic advocate of greater understanding between the two countries can now be found than this man who, in his late middle age, discovered a new part of France. Still, I think it helped that at one period of his career he had been an actor, and an adept at impersonation.

And there is not a grey hair on his head.

* * *

Just how much the writer of the story used in a musical comedy contributes to the piece's success must vary with circumstance.

From a seat in the stalls over the years I would put him well down the list, after the principal players, ladies of the chorus, writers of the lyrics, scene-painters—and the composer of the music.

I was always rather surprised that Mr. Freddie Lonsdale should have so accepted the customary statement that he wrote *The Maid of the Mountains*, the most trifling of all the things with which he was connected in the theatre, if not the least profitable.

That theatrical phenomenon of the years of 1916-19 owed most of its success to Miss José Collins, and the Vienna-flavoured music contrived by Mr. Fraser-Simson, although the best-remembered song (other than the valse) was contributed by Mr. Jimmie Tate, the partner at the piano of Miss Clarice Mayne.

Freddie Lonsdale will be best remembered for being at one with Mr. Michael Arlen and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse in depicting a social scene which one could say has now passed away, except that it never really existed.

* * *

You are welcome to all the gambolling lambkins as symbols of spring; give me the sight of a pretty girl in a London street trying to cope with a billowing skirt in a gentle April breeze.

She is not only a symbol of spring but of all the mystery of the feminine.

And to think that her sister would sacrifice her birthright for a pair of clumsy jeans, and cut her hair ragged like a guttersnipe's! Oh, Mrs. Pankhurst, why ever did you go and start it?

—Gordon Beckles



After the Dress Show at Cottesbrooke Hall, Home of Major and the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan

Major P. W. Cripps discussed the display, in which past and present debutantes participated, with Lady Cromwell



Mrs. Pamela Dunn with the Marchioness of Northampton and her daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Judith Compton



Mrs. Ben Tillett, Mrs. Geoffrey Coombes and Miss Angela Brickwood were others who took a walk round the grounds



Mr. John Patrick and Miss Jennifer Eadie were sitting out having a drink in a corner, recalling the season's most successful meets of a pack dating back to the late eighteenth century



Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Bt., and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland greeting friends across the room



Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort and Mr. John Magnay were having a quiet conversation together while sitting out

LONG POINT AT FRIZ HILL FOR WARWICKSHIRE

FOR their hunt ball the Warwickshire and friends gathered at Friz Hill, Capt. and Mrs. J. Brittain-Jones's delightful home at Wellesbourne, near Stratford-on-Avon, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The 200 guests greatly enjoyed the evening, which continued with unabated pleasure into the early hours



The Hon. Fiona Campbell-Gray, dancing with Capt. D. Fabling, stopped to admire a bank of flowers



Mr. John Goulandris, and Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, who lives near Newmarket, were also among the company



Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Brittain-Jones and Major A. Gregory-Hood, Brigade Major, Household Brigade



Mr. Antony Sabin was here chatting with Miss Harriet Anson, and Mlle. Christien Huraux with Mr. Sebastian Dalrymple



Against a most original wallpaper background of hunting scenes Mr. David Fetherstonhaugh was talking to Lady Isabel Throckmorton, younger sister of the Duke of Rutland



DINING OUT

Book-list Joins the Menu

So many books on cooking continue to be published that I expect any day now to come on a restaurant which has a book-trolley as well as one for the sweets.

Just Across the Channel, by Len Ortzen (Phoenix; 8s. 6d.), is not wholly cooking, but opens itself at page 52 with this: "The words *cuisine soignée* on a window have not much significance. Any restaurant that hopes to keep its custom naturally takes great care over the cooking . . . but *Chef de cuisine*, in France, is a definite title, a rank high in the hierarchy of cooks . . . he is a man who has spent many arduous years in various first-class restaurants, slowly climbing the ranks from *commis-saucier* to *chef-rôtisseur*. He may now have a little place of his own and proudly puts his title in the window. If you see it, go in and eat with confidence."

This little book is very precise about those deadly aperitifs and sweet drinks with which the French poison themselves.

PASSING from the window-sign *Casse croute* (i.e., snack) to higher realms, here is an odd little essay called *The Monarch Dines* (Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d.), by a man who was one of the mad King Ludwig's cooks, and we find that the kitchens of the Bavarian Court were run on French lines, not Teutonic, as in Berlin. Here you can read of such things as Indian birds' nests, real turtle-meat, Courland reindeer and Strasbourg pâtés, with chickens from Châlons and ducklings from Rouen. Apart from the strange hours of his meals, Ludwig seems to have been sane enough at table.

An enquiring gourmet, too. "Why are these *filets mignons* called *à l'Allemagne*?" he asked the cook. Who thought of an answer very quickly. "Because, your Majesty, they are in the German colours—black truffles, white bacon and red tongue." The King wanted one in the Bavarian colours, but they could not get a reasonable blue.

Or here is *Cheerful Cookery*, by Mrs. Noël Chanter (Blackie; 12s. 6d.), which is engrossed with the subject of puddings, buns, pastries, meringues, sweet-making and pickles to the point of dyspepsia. There is also a frightening chapter on how to make your own wine "with a kick in it." Says the author: "If you are careful, your wine is sure to be a sparkling success."

Ask the sommelier next time you are dining out for some "Elderflower Champagne" and see what he says. This champagne, one reads, should be kept for at least a fortnight before "using" [sic].

Coq d'Or (Stratton Street, Piccadilly).— Talking of trolleys in restaurants, the vegetable ones in M. Sartori's establishment are probably the most renowned in London. The Coq d'Or can now count itself among the old-established resorts of the West End. Searching for the secret of its success, one must count those chickens-on-the-spit, and the very good value in food offered. Also a foyer lounge of adequate size, and conducive to appetite.

—I. BICKERSTAFF



LADY MOYRA HAMILTON, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, has been appointed by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent to be Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Alexandra. Lady Moyra, who has recently returned from a visit to South Africa with her parents, was one of the bearers of the Queen's train at the Coronation. The family home is Baron's Court, Co. Tyrone, in Northern Ireland

Eric Coop

Priscilla in Paris The Indiscretions Of "Mis"

THE *indiscretions*, in the most Gallic sense of the word, that appear in print in this country may not pass all understanding, but they certainly pass all believing! This may be taken as a criticism of Mistinguett's *Mémoires*, discontinued for some time, but now reappearing, as a *feuilleton*, in Parisian *Liberé*. They will be published, later, in book form by Juliard.

Dwellers-in and visitors-to this lovely city, habitués of the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris, who can check up on Mistinguett's career during the last thirty-five years (or so!) are amused—and perhaps a little sad—at what they read. The lady's all-too-vivid imagination, unchecked by her amanuensis's lack of tact, is regrettable.

Having known Mistinguett for more years than she cares to count, I am, nevertheless, very fond of her, for she can be most endearing when she chooses. I admire the courage she has always shown, her amazing stamina, the pathetic love she has for her "job" and the way she has clung to it long after most of her contemporaries have taken to bath chairs, woolly shawls and gruel for supper. It is not given to every *Monstre Sacré* to grow old gracefully.

ONLY last week I found her gaily bustling around the Saint-Maurice movie studios where her young niece, Micky Bourgeois, is making her début in Christian-Jaque's new film-in-the-making: *Madame Du Barry*. "Mis" had a word of advice for everyone, from Martine Carol to the script-girl

and they all had the grace to be amused . . . but never have I seen such an embarrassed little débutante as Micky.

She is a pretty child; daughter of Maurice Bourgeois, Mistinguett's younger brother. He made a vast fortune selling girdle-cakes and apple-tarts in a tiny shop, shaped like a wedge of pie, on the boulevard Haussmann, thus earning the name of "le Père La Galette."

IN order to raise funds for its coffers the A.P.M.H.C. has just had a grand get-together at the Moulin Rouge. These initials stand for Association de la Presse de Music-Hall et du Cirque, and if the Press may be said to have helped many artistes on their way to fame, it is pleasant to record how generously the artistes respond with their services in aid of Press charities.

It was, therefore, an outstanding, all-star entertainment to which the public flocked the other evening. From nine o'clock till midnight there was the usual nightly menu of dancing and variety turns, not forgetting the French Can-can, for which the Moulin Rouge, thanks to Geo. France, is famous. All the tables in the auditorium and round the stage had been booked well ahead and champagne buckets were in brave array for, quite definitely, it was not a lemon-squash or orangeade evening!

When the guest-stars arrived they were cheered to the very tips of the red arms of the windmill. Yves Montand, who has just completed the sixth month of his one-man show at the Empire. Edith Piaf, that great little singer who, though she invariably looks as if she has just crept out from under . . . the rockery, reduces susceptible spectators to tears of rapture with her strange and morbid repertory of songs.

PATACHOU, blonde, blue-eyed, so gay and healthy; a splendid young creature whose lovely, expressive hands make pictures as she sings. Robert Lamoureux, song-writer, stage and screen star, a comedian who seems to compose his mirth-making monologues as he recites them; he is not good-looking, his voice rasps like a rusty saw, but he is our heart's delight and we cannot have too much of him.

All these big-hearted bill-toppers were in fine form, responding again and again to the demands of spectators who clamoured for their favourite songs. The children of members of the A.P.M.H.C. whose parents have struck a bad patch will be able to have their summer holidays this year after all.

HARD lines on the burglar who broke into one of the big cinemas on the Champs Elysées the other night. He was unable to open the safe, but the refrigerator was an easier proposition. He made himself so sick eating up the ices that had been left over from the evening sales that next morning when the cleaners arrived they only had to ring up "Police-Secours" who came to pick him up with their ambulance.

Enfin!

• Advice from an Elder:
"One should die young . . . as late as possible!"



Mr. Ian Traill was asking Miss Margaret Adam if she would dance the next number with him



On their way to supper after going round in a waltz together were Mr. and Mrs. E. Ellsworth Jones



Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tennant were taking part in a quickstep. He is hon. secretary of the Club



Miss Ann Johnston-Noad and Mr. Geoffrey Glanville were two others at the Hyde Park Hotel

KEEPING LUTINE'S SAILS FILLED

IMMENSE success attended the second Lutine Ball given by Lloyd's Yacht Club, proceeds of which go to maintain their ocean racer, in which members will sail for the third season this year. A company of about 300 danced the best part of the night away and on leaving looked forward confidently to the ball becoming a firm annual event



Miss Beverley Roberts was here on her way to the ballroom with Mr. Christopher Needham



Talking over sailing prospects for the season, while sitting out, were Mr. Arthur Levita, Miss Gloria Clarry, Miss Susan Stuart and Mr. G. G. Dudley Head



Gabor Demes
The Hon. Arthur Corbett, Lord Rowallan's son and heir, was smiling at a story by Mr. David Wilkinson, as were the Hon. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Wilkinson



Boarding party on the limousine got a good view of the finish of the last race. They were Miss Anne Garner, Miss Jane Inglesant, Miss Sally Pochin, Miss Gillian Sturgess, Miss Jose Garner and Mr. Robin Sturgess



Another example of stoic spectatorship was provided by Mrs. Eva Percy, Mrs. W. Smith, Col. W. Smith and Mrs. James Hanbury



Half-way through the afternoon Miss J. Hilton-Green, Mr. Michael Gibson, Mrs. George Gibson and Lady Helena Hilton-Green were discussing the racing they had seen so far



One of the most popular wins was that of Ragdale in a good-looking chestnut gelding, entered by Mr. R. L. Ne... ridden by Miss Patricia Newton, who is here to

THRILLS AT QUORN'S "200th YEAR" CHASES

THE winner's horse was the only one to survive the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race without a fall at the Quorn's bicentenary season point-to-point at Melton Mowbray. This was a measure of the heaviness of the going, a great trial of stoutness and stamina, which kept everybody in doubt and excitement for race after race. The attendance was excellent, spectators arriving fully equipped with raincoats and ankle boots in case the threatening rain and fierce wind provided the event with typical "Quorn weather." The meeting was very well supported by riders of neighbouring packs, and the day will be remembered as an outstanding occasion of this anniversary year.



Hunts' Ladies' Race. This Cottesmore, was very skilfully he paddock after the race



Sir George and Lady Earle chatting with Miss Nini Tilney as they waited for the next race to start



Major R. B. Collie and Mrs. Collie were canvassing prospects for the Maiden Race with Mr. K. Jack



Major Jack Spencer talking to Mrs. J. E. Spencer and Mrs. P. W. Dean before getting his horse saddled



The fence provided an excellent viewpoint for Miss Josephine Kindersley and Mrs. Stephen Bassett



ing finish watched by Mrs. John, Dr. G. H. P. John and Miss L. M. Warwick



In the paddock Col. Edward Kirkpatrick had been taking shots with a ciné-camera. With him were Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Penelope Chichester and Miss Caroline Judd
Desmond O'Neill

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

NOTHING that happens in the modern Army can surprise us old crusties of the Crimea very much, so a remark by the prosecuting officer at a recent court-martial seems to us quite in order. He said that if a recruit can pay an NCO ten shillings to take the wrinkles out of his boots and stamp his kit, he can logically pay him £1 or so to go and fight for him.

And if you deem, sahibs, that this is too difficult for Parliament to arrange on a business basis—we can think of a few MP boys who'd gladly increase their popularity with Democracy thereby—let us remind you of the vain uproar over the Cardwell Bill (1871), which rocked the Army to its foundations by abolishing the sale of commissions. A powerful group called "The Colonels," headed by Lord Elcho and Lord Lucan, of Balaclava notoriety, fought this measure with bitter ferocity. Our own contribution was slight, perhaps, but effective. We remember saying to Lucan in the Cavalry Club: "Damme, sir, the Bill's downright un-English." The happy phrase went round the Club like wildfire and we received many glances of interest and respect from the elder members. "That young devil's got a headpiece," they said. However, the Colonels were routed, the Queen signed, reluctantly, on the dotted line on July 18, and we resigned from the Blues forthwith; partly, we confess, to please La Coralie of the Opera Ballet—as trim a little foot and ankle, gentlemen, as ever tripped on boards.

We inflict these memories on you, white men, merely to remind you that the most unlikely things can happen in the Service. Look out before long for the Delegated Active Service System, officially tariffed.

Watermanship

DEMOLISHING a newspaper story that the Oxford eight had planned to "stupefy themselves with phenobarbitone" on the eve of the Boat Race, an official spokesman observed that such a crew had no need of dope to sleep soundly. Just like (he might have added) the spectators next day.

However, both Universities might, it occurs to one now, consider the judicious use of a stimulating drug or two next year by way of livening up the least nervracking sporting spectacle known to man. Marihuana is an obvious choice. To the glassy eyes of a crew with a skinful of this disturbing stuff the oars would seem the size of telegraph-poles, the tiniest cox would loom over them like the Giant Blunderbore, the least wavelet on the river would assume Atlantic dimensions, Beaufort Scale 9, and they would appear to be rowing the Queen Elizabeth. Like sixteen Grace Darlings the gallant fellows would struggle along, ducking a comber ever and anon, sucking blood from their brawny arms, thinking of the women and children (first), casting frantic glances at the far-distant shore, wondering why nobody sent up a rocket and where the rafts were kept. On a fine day they'd even imagine themselves, perhaps, to be battling against Mother Nature in wintry mood:

Wiry and white-fiery and whirlwind-swivelled snow
Spins to the widow-making unchilding unfathering
depths . . .

If this desolating spectacle in an imaginary snowstorm wouldn't purge the citizenry with pity and terror, our name is Mona ("Toots") Plimsoll, inventor of the Plimsoll Line.

Bump

CITIZENS are killed in Cyprus for winking at a girl, a native of that historic island informed an astonished High Court judge the other day. We happened to be dining the same night with a full gathering of the Society of Middlesex Men in London. All three raised a supercilious eyebrow. It's a very old Middlesex custom, they said.

They quoted a few of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, who got most of their sanguinary hooha from Middlesex, it appears. Eugenio in Ford's play *The Bloodie Sigh* ("Enter Eugenio, with Lucia's heart on a dagger") is an Ealing man. The mass-murder scene of Cyril Tourneur's *Newes from Helle* is "a bordello at Potter's Bar." The famous lines in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* speak for themselves:

DUKE : Cover her face ; mine eyes dazzle ; she died young.

RINALDO : Whence comes this nonpareil of beauty, sir ?

DUKE : Pinner, you fool.

The Duke is irritated because Rinaldo does not recognise a typical Pinner face. The Society of Middlesex Men go even further than this. They say the original home of Aphrodite, Queen of Love, was not Cyprus but Cricklewood. Here they are almost certainly incorrect, a classical don informs us. But one does not contradict a Middlesex man with his blood up.

Most annual dinners of County societies in London are a bore, but at this one they toast about 150 celebrated Middlesex beauties, including Phryne, Cleopatra, "Tiny" Wilkinson,



Robinson

"Well really, the things people say!"

Lily Langtry, Madame de Pompadour, Beatrice Portinari, Mrs. J. F. (Babs) Hargreaves, etc., etc. The catering arrangements are efficiently carried out, like the members, by Messrs. Bouncer, Ltd.

Goyescas

"No gentleman," said Wellington accurately, referring to his old buddy Napoleon Bonaparte, who had lately died and left a bequest to Wellington's would-be assassin, Cantillon. There is the same feeling in Royal Academy circles, our spies regrettfully report, about Goya, an exhibition of whose paintings from the Prado is announced by the Arts Council for next June.

Since no R.A. would ever be found knifed in a Madrid gutter, or climbing the facade of St. Peter's, or trying to break with a sketchbook into a convent of enclosed nuns at midnight (after which last trick Goya was only saved by his ambassador from the high-jump), and since Goya was always a tough, brusque, obstinate *baturro* or native of Aragon, where the locals are said by the rest of Spain to hammer nails in with their nogginis, it may well be that he lacked Academy form. On the other hand he could (a) inspire music like Granados' *Goyescas*, and (b) have his head stolen by an admirer after death, which shows that some people, at any rate, thought and think highly of the boy. Incidentally, he could also (c) paint.

R.A. boys' heads are never stolen, we find after inquiries. Brushed, combed, brilliantined, turned by women, swollen by success, bowed in grief or jealousy, or punched by rival R.A.s, yes, often. But wanted for souvenirs, no, never. There seems to be a big Human Story here, if we had the energy to dig it out.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





A discussion on school activities between Mrs. W Blew-Jones, two old boys, Mr. T.D.B. Brook and Mr. J. A. Baylis, and Mr. W. Blew-Jones



Youngest maiden speech ever made in the House being completed by the school captain, Mr. J. J. A. Crosse, aged thirteen. Next to him are Mrs. James Penwill and Mr. Charles Brook, C.B.E. Streete Court, which started at Westgate-on-Sea, is now at Bognor Regis, after wartime evacuation to Somerset



Mr. Robert Birley, C.M.G., Headmaster of Eton, Mrs. Charles Brook and the Hon. L. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P. for Chichester

STREETE COURT'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE high privilege of celebrating its Diamond Jubilee in the House of Commons was accorded the famous preparatory school, Streete Court, which was founded by Mr. A. A. Milne's father. The dinner in the precincts was the inspiration of two M.P.s, Mr. Dudley Williams and the Hon. L. W. Joynson-Hicks, and the 106 guests included leading public school headmasters and eminent old boys of Streete Court



Mr. Patrick Hoare, the Headmaster, and Mrs. Hoare, who received the guests, with Mr. J. M. Peterson and Mr. J. D. Hills, Headmasters of Shrewsbury and Bradfield respectively



Van Hallan
Mr. Dudley Williams, M.P., (right), one of the initiators of the occasion, talking to Col. B. W. Roe, Mrs. N. Keighley and Mrs. M. Marriott. Mr. Williams has a son at the school

At The Pictures

BEAUTY FROM THE GUTTER



Bob Hope adjusts his fishnet cravat in *Casanova's Big Night*

it also provides a dramatic, realistic gangster story to rival the best.

With sensitiveness and integrity, Françoise Arnoul plays the underprivileged girl who seeks security for herself and her child in the service of a *souteneur*. As the *souteneur*, Raymond Pellegrin gives a cruelly convincing demonstration of the methods by which such social monsters gain their hold over gullible girls. The girl is finally rescued by her lover, well played by Pierre Cressoy, who installs her, in the unsentimental idiom of this film, as his mistress.

The French divide crime films into "white" and "black," depending on their intention. Despite the "X" Certificate, which will no doubt attract dubious publicity, this is a "white" film.

HOLLYWOOD'S counter-attack on television reaches new heights and widths. This week the old witch throws in everything she has got over TV, from musical spectacle to wide-screen epic.

Leading the charge is *King of the Khyber Rifles* (Carlton), a spanking yarn of the North-West Frontier in Mutiny times. When Hollywood invades the Raj I sit back ready to wince, but, although I would not defend its military detail and history in the Cavalry Club, I will say this is blood-stirring entertainment and good enough for the Line. Great pains have clearly gone into getting the "sirs" and salutes in the right places this time. Tyrone Power, in the title rôle, succeeds in looking more like a British officer than a film star, and his quiet performance holds a rather improbable tale together. The wide screen is amply filled by exciting ambushes and skirmishes between Power's Khyber Rifles and Guy Rolfe's frontier tribesmen.

If the word super-colossal did not exist it would have to be invented to describe the water skiing spectacle in *Easy to Love* (Empire). Rarely out of a bathing costume, that charming mermaid Esther Williams gives a versatile performance by sea, land and air as an overworked Florida beauty queen. The overworking is done by resort boss Van Johnson, who finally tires, too, and marries her. I must confess I also was a bit tired at the end, but for those who like that sort of thing, here it is with a million-dollar look.

Bob Hope's fans will not be disappointed by their hero in *Casanova's Big Night* (Plaza). The title tells all except, of course, that the cowardly, un gallant Hope gets mistaken for the over-gallant swordsman, with consequences you can imagine.

—Dennis W. Clarke

HATS off to the French once more for their delicate touch which transforms the most sordid of subjects into a film of beauty and purpose, sunlit with humanity.

The subject of *Companions of the Night* (Marble Arch Pavilion) is organised prostitution in Paris, and no punches are pulled. While putting an intelligent finger on the difficulties facing police and reformers,



The hostess, Lady Herbert, serving mulled claret to Miss Jean Clarke, an artist, after the race

RIVERSIDE PARTY FOR BOAT RACE CENTURY

SIR A. P. HERBERT gave a most successful party at his riverside home in Hammersmith to celebrate the 100th Boat Race. The 200 guests overflowed into the adjoining house, and in both television was provided for those who could not get an actual view



Sir Malcolm Sargent, the famous conductor, was here with host Sir Alan Herbert



A party watching from the wall were Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Stokes, with their children, Adrian and Jennifer



Junior enthusiasts Michael Reece, Pamela Groves and Stephen Balogh, with Mr. Peter Lambda in control



Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, K.B.E., was having coffee with Mrs. Fairbanks and their daughters Victoria (centre) and Daphne, after Oxford had won

Tasker



Discussing the form of the Oxford and Cambridge crews were Mr. Clive Brewer, Miss Delia Royan, a hostess, and Mr. Bobby Buchanan-Michaelson

WET BOBS TOASTED AT DON JUAN CLUB

ON the eve of the Boat Race a party was given at the Don Juan Club in Grosvenor Street for friends up in town for the event. It was a gay and successful reunion, no fewer than 150 guests being present



Mr. Peter Monro was chatting with one of the three hostesses for the evening, Miss J. Mercer



Mr. Michael Alston-Mott took a glass of wine with Miss Rosemary Clifford Turner, another hostess



Mr. Gordon Rushton was here sharing a joke with Countess and Count Sasha Benckendorff



Mr. Peter Learmond exchanging views on the morrow's race with Mr. Tim Odhams and Miss Daphne Hudson



ROY DAVIS

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

SIGHTSEEING behind the Iron Curtain a visitor noticed two oil-paintings. He inquired about the first, a portrait of a man, and was told it was a picture of the great Russian inventor Ivanov, "who invented radar, wireless, artillery, railways and X-rays, and so on." After recovering from this, the visitor asked about the second portrait, which was considerably bigger. "That," he was told, "is a picture of Petrov, our greatest inventor."

"And what did he invent?"
"He invented Ivanov."

THE driving instructor was giving his pupil some final hints before he took his car out alone for the first time after obtaining his licence.

"Now remember," said the instructor, "go round every corner prepared to meet a bus or something on the wrong side of the road."

A few days later the pupil appeared, covered with bandages.

"Hullo!" said the instructor. "Accident?"

"Yes," replied the pupil sadly. "I met that blinkin' bus—but it was on the right side of the road."

OUTSIDE a shop, an elderly man stopped to look at a fine specimen of a baby in its pram, and remarked to the young mother: "What a fine boy! I hope you are going to bring him up to be an upstanding man."

"Well," said the mother smiling, "it will be a little hard, because . . ."

"Not at all, my dear. As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined, remember."

"Yes; but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we're inclined to let it go at that."

AT the political meeting the speaker had raved for what seemed like hours, and realising that his audience were not as attentive as they might be, he said: "That's all right; I'm speaking for the benefit of posterity."

From the back of the hall someone drawled: "Yes, and if you don't get done pretty soon, they'll be here."

MY wife is a remarkable cook," said Smithson. "She's always trying out some new recipe. Yesterday she met a friend who had lived in the East and gave her a recipe for Chinese trifle. So she made it."

"And what did it taste like?" asked a friend.
"Rice pudding."

Motoring

Try Statistics For Misery

• Oliver Stewart •

DON'T let's be beastly to the statisticians. But don't let us allow the statisticians or their interpreters to be beastly to us. At this season, when the pleasures and benefits of motoring are at their best, there is a concurrent effort to overlay them with the gloomiest figures about accidents, the state of the roads, the dangerous mechanical condition of old cars, the prisons, endorsements, fines and prohibitions which lie in wait for the motorist.

We all want to see accidents reduced; but we do not want to lose those few joys which remain to us in a continuously miserable contemplation of the risks they entail. There are few things that horrify me more than the manner in which statistics are misused and misinterpreted by Ministers. A parallel is the tree-felling operation in the London parks. Many trees have been felled and large areas have been made hideous. I sought the reason from the appropriate Minister. I have the official reply. It is that five "persons" (do they mean "people"?) were injured by trees in the years 1948 to 1953.

OBSERVE that there is no statement about the numbers at risk in that period. There are, in short, no statistical indications of whether the risk of being hit by a falling branch or tree is large or small. But the trees have come down. A pleasure has been taken away. And all because Ministers and their advisers will not learn the elementary facts about statistical interpretation.

Now observe that the same kind of thing is happening in motoring. There are accident statistics. They are quoted repeatedly in order, it is said, to increase road safety. Their quotation certainly increases road misery; but does it increase road safety? Much depends upon the form of the statistics, and, as a distinguished mathematician has pointed out, statistics are as accurate as the data from which they are derived. Let us glance at the official statistics. We find the number of totals; but the real risk involved when someone uses the road cannot be so expressed. It is, in fact, not expressed at all.

I suggest that, until relevant statistical information is available, there should be a closed season for the horrification of the populace by the issue of accident totals which have little independent significance. The roads can still give pleasure and interest to millions. Let us sometimes permit them to do so.

When I pulled up at a garage the other day to fill up my Diesel-engined motor-car with Derv, I was told that the price—to me and other private motorists—had gone up. To-day Derv costs 4s. a gallon unless you are running a commercial vehicle or buy in bulk. It is a little less than 2d. a gallon more than it cost when I took delivery of the car in January. My garage told me that one at least of the big oil companies had written to them about Diesel-engined private motor-cars.

IT is all very puzzling. First there are signs of a new motoring development; the wider use by private owners of Diesel-engined motor-cars. The development may succeed or fail. But one would have thought that it would be in the larger interests of motoring if it were given the best possible chance to succeed. It adds interest to the movement if it does nothing else. My view is that it would do other things, such as increasing road safety; but that is a personal view.

So it is disappointing when the reaction of the big oil companies to the first signs of the extension of the private ownership of Diesel-engined motor-cars is to put up the price of Derv. I have many friends in the big oil companies, and I would like to ask them to look into the situation and to determine whether they feel it is wise to take action which may cramp a new movement at the outset.

Meanwhile I am continually asked whether the additives and scavengers and other things that are available in one form or another in many of the best branded petrols "really" do anything.



There is a view here and there that they are of small practical value to the ordinary motorist. I cannot, on this, express a personal opinion, for I am using Derv at the new increased price. I can only refer to the experiences of friends.

Two Bentley owners, one of an old car, the other of a brand-new one, tell me that I.G.A., the Shell additive, does produce an immediate and appreciable improvement. The driver of the older car claims to have conducted accurate trials and to have satisfied himself on the point. And I do not feel that these big companies would go to the trouble of sending out these things unless they have convincing proof on test that they work. So my reply to my correspondents is always the same, I think that the additives "really" do have the effects claimed.

STILL in the fuel and oil world (and still paying 4s. a gallon for Derv!) I would refer to the new Castrol booklet, *Achievements 1953*. This is an illustrated book, produced by the Wakefield people, of the competition events of the year. It is well done and some of the photographs of racing motor-cars and motor-cycles in action are particularly good. There is one of Geoff Duke winning the French motorcycle Grand Prix which captures admirably the style of that master motor-cyclist. And the side-car events, the "chairs," as ever offer the cameraman opportunities for dramatic pictures, with passengers hanging out with their heads a couple of centimetres from the road surface in order to keep the centre of gravity of the outfit in the right position on corners.

THREE is another book of interest to be mentioned, the Automobile Association's *Touring Guide*. This is really a supplement to the A.A. *Handbook*, but it gives much useful information on its own. Some 6,000 place names are mentioned with details of architectural and topographical features and descriptions of the local beauty spots. Then there are the lists of cathedrals, abbeys, castles and country houses, and there is a list of places associated with famous writers. The book costs 2s. 6d. (a good deal less than a gallon of Derv), and is obtainable at A.A. offices.

It was a good idea to hold a luncheon on the occasion of the one hundredth post-war issue of *Modern Motoring*. Mr. Thomas R. Mulcaster, the Editor of that paper, was the guest of honour, and his contributors were the hosts. The luncheon was held at the Royal Automobile Club.



THE LAND-ROVER PICK-UP TRUCK is a development of the original model which has rejoiced the heart of many an estate owner. With the fine rough-country performance given by its four-wheel drive and rugged chassis, it combines almost road car comfort, with its long wheelbase and roomy three-seat cab.



MISS ANN CONWORTH-FISH, daughter of Mrs. Conrad Mann, was presented last month by Mrs. Peter Horden. Her mother and Mrs. Charles Kendall are giving a joint dance for her and Miss Juliet Kendall on July 3rd at Tenterden, in Kent. After the season Miss Conworth-Fish plans to take up dress-designing

Eric Coop

meant local government and a return to Sosnofka. An interim had to be filled before this was possible—and was filled most pleasantly. He did not, after all, at once resign his commission, but was seconded by the Navy to the Foreign Office, to be temporarily attached to his father's Embassy in London.

Of the Edwardian society of that day, we have many English pictures—few, I think, are as lively as the descriptions in *HALF A LIFE*. To the youthful Benckendorff much was, at first, alarming; particularly the weekend house-parties (an institution unknown in Russia). Here he was, left to fend for himself “amongst an assembly of strangers so indifferent, in manner at least, to my presence, that they seemed calmly hostile.” At Wilton, however, the daughter of the house, Lady Muriel Herbert, with an enchanting kindness, took him in hand—they sat on the stairs (which surprised him), she smoked a cigarette (which surprised him more), and delivered a half-lecture, half-explanation. Within a month or so, English country-house life and, not less, London had come to be all but his natural element. He was struck by the tolerance of these people. Friendship with Maurice Baring opened up to him, also, the enticing unknown world of the arts—“This,” he charmingly tells us, “broadened my outlook . . . in Russia I did not know a single writer, artist or actor. There is,” he adds, considering England, “no other country where the ruling few mix so easily with the literary and artistic that it is impossible to draw a definite line between them.” As against that, he found his English acquaintances of the landed class (that was, in the Edwardian era) deficient in interest in local government and the realities of estate management.

BOTH, shortly, laid claim to Count Benckendorff, for his project of returning to Sosnofka, to take up his duties there, went through. His chapter entitled “Provincial Life in Russia” is as valuable—not to say as instructive—as anything in this excellent book: his knowledge of what he was up against is thorough, and not only that but he lays bare what were the essential roots (among the peasants at least) of the Revolution. 1914 recalled him to the Imperial Navy: from that angle, his doings in World War One provide some important pages. Strangely allied to the revolutionaries, he was to play an outstanding part in the ensuing negotiations. Eventually, he got back to Sosnofka, to attempt to cope with the new situation there—from then on, he recounts a series of glissades, conflicts and darkly confused events.

Finally back to civilian life, he became a wholehearted player of the flute (an instrument for which, until now, he never had been granted enough time). During rehearsal of an orchestra, he met, and fell in love with at first sight, an enchanting lady professor of the harp—their marriage, his inheritance of

(Continued on page 184)

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

A Russian Patriot

OURS has been an age of convulsive changes. Yet one may feel that few men living to-day can have beheld so many, from so close up, and emerged with such civilised equanimity as has Count Benckendorff, author of *HALF A LIFE: THE REMINISCENCES OF A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN* (Richards Press; 25s.). Born in 1880, he, formerly a Commander in the Imperial Navy, became Assistant Chief of Staff in the Red Navy, in which he served for three years. Finally leaving Russia in 1924, he came to England, where he has since lived.

His father having been Russian Ambassador in London from 1900 to 1917, he himself has known us well since his youth—with his full and easy command of the English language goes insight into the English make-up: his book does much to interpret his own country (at a time when we find it hardest to understand) to readers in the country of his adoption. He is in the great old sense a man of the world; thanks to his tolerance, he is no diehard.

THAT the Count stood by his country long after others fled was proof of good faith, the tradition of service and an inherited patriotic idealism. The Benckendorffs stood for what was best in the Liberal Russian aristocracy; at no time wholly hidden from them were the evils inherent in the old order. Inter-marriage with other powerful families had consolidated their

standing, brought in more wealth, more land, and justified their progressive outlook.

Upon the Benckendorffs, as upon others of their kind, devolved the administration of vast estates. When the author's father, Count Alexander Benckendorff, married, it was taken for granted that he and his young wife should retire to their property, Sosnofka, and devote their lives to this responsibility, together with the raising of a family. Retirement this would indeed have been, for Sosnofka, “in the Province of Tambov, about 300 miles south-east of Moscow, was—from a European point of view—in the middle of Nowhere.” Count Alexander's destiny was not, however, to follow this austere line.

IN 1880 the Russian Foreign Office pressed for the use of his services in Vienna—where, through his mother, Princess Cröy, he had many valuable connections. To the Vienna Embassy Count Alexander went: he was to remain there for fifteen years. Vienna is, accordingly, the first of the brilliant capitals, under the old regime, which his son, our author, so well evokes—though daily life there, he frankly says, “for the very young was without special attraction.”

Later, in the Imperial Navy, he saw action in the Russo-Japanese War and was taken prisoner—returning to Moscow, after the war, on the day of a terrorist outrage which left a deep impression. This set up in him political thought and, with that, a serious wish in some way to cope with the state of the country. He decided to leave the Navy and enter public life, which in Russia in those days



Our fashion choice this week is specifically designed for the woman who is—

Proud of Her Figure

THIS beautiful little pure-silk foulard suit by Julian Rose, milk-chocolate coloured, with white spots, is a good example of the intricate seaming which was seen at some of the French collections this spring. The flat bands under the bust and round the hips emphasise the corseted effect of waist and midriff also stressed by the full, box-pleated skirt. This is a magnificent buy for a woman who needs a good town suit—provided that she is also a woman who is proud of her figure! The suit costs 26 gns. and comes from Woollards of Knightsbridge, who supply all the other merchandise shown on these pages.

—MARIEL DEANS



These plain court shoes, high-heeled and elegant, are made in milk-chocolate-coloured aniline calf, the same colour as the suit. They cost 7 gns.



Fragile, immaculate, pure silk, this pleated white chiffon blouse in a simple-cross-over design is practically sleeveless. Its price is £6 9s. 6d.



This high-crowned, white straw hat is very much in the Jacques Fath tradition. Light and elegant, it only costs £3 7s. The white calf handbag costs 7 gns.



Brien Kirley



"Alicante" is the name of Bective's hand-thonged and knotted white kid shoes. They have high heels and elasticized sling backs. From Derry & Toms, Kensington

New Shoe Story



This mushroom-coloured aniline-dyed calf shoe is a Physical Culture model by Selby. Piped with white and finished with a button and buttonhole trimming, it has a medium high heel and peep-toe. Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, are the stockists

Now that the warm weather will soon be here, it is time to think about the new season's footwear. On these pages we show photographs of some of the prettiest, lightest little shoes we have seen for a long time. Casual and formal styles are represented. All have been designed with the greatest regard for comfort as well as for the foot-flattery a woman loves

—MARIEL DEANS



These pointed-toed little casuals by Joyce are called "Ringpoint." Made in mahogany coloured calf, they have very low wedge heels and a flat, metal-ringed trimming. They come from Russell & Bromley, of Bond St.

"Flamenco," a Clark's Sky-line shoe, is a peep-toe court with low-cut curving sides. Made in Amberglow calf, it is stitched with black as a contrast. It is available from all Sky-line stockists

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

HAVE just returned from annual visit to childhood home, this being traditionally arranged to cover Easter Monday Point-to-Point. In the past we have taken the day off from the family, and this is the first occasion when we have approached B. Races as a gang. Resplendent in newly knitted sweaters and freshly pressed tweeds, we excavate the shooting stick from the cupboard under the stairs, polish the lenses of the binoculars, pack vast quantities of food and drink, and repair on our hundred-mile journey after the usual argument about which of the children feels sickest in the back of the car.

THE air is bright with spring sunshine and razor-sharp east wind. At last we bump on to the course, early enough to ensconce ourselves in comfortable view of the finish. Convinced that it is better for children to learn the dangers of gambling as early in life as possible, we have presented each with a small and appropriate capital. With the dedicated look of those anticipating initiation rites, they finger their money and their race cards.

B., who plans, but not to excess, has worked out that he will have enough for the first three races even if he doesn't win. B. divides the total into infinitesimal proportions to cover the entire programme. He is gloomy about the outcome and remarks that it is just like those machines at fairs—you can lose all your



money in no time. Our assurance that it is all right to keep the money, and not back horses at all, meets with no enthusiasm—backing horses is the thing to do at race meetings, and B. is determined to do it, but he doesn't have to *enjoy* it, does he?

I. on the other hand, pockets her capital and departs cheerfully to survey the various methods of dispersing it. She scorns the Tote as soulless and over-automatic, but is enthusiastic about a character called Honest Bill Sykes. Standing before his rostrum, she has the same air of almost religious zeal that she assumes spending her pocket money in the local chain store on Saturday morning. The aim is not to invest but to get rid of the stuff at all costs. In pursuit of this ideal she puts the whole lot on a horse called Fairy Prince in the first race.

This is well worth while, she explains to me as we stand squelching beside the water-jump,

(Continued on page 177)



Continuing—

New Shoe Story

ABOVE. These hand-plaited leather shoes are made by Anglo-French Shoecraft. With their medium low heels and the great amount of "give" in their uppers, they are amazingly comfortable for hard-working feet. Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, have them

RIGHT. Gamba's enchanting little black suède pumps trimmed with flat petersham bows have medium low heels placed to make the foot look smaller. From Gamba in Dean Street





F
—
a
h
d
Rayne's fine calf afternoon shoe band across the toes and an strap, but how becoming! The rrow heel creates a great feeling of From H. & M. Rayne, Bond St.

BELOW. Edward Holmes's squared, Spanish toe court shoe is a supremely elegant and new-looking model. It is made in amber coloured aniline calf and has a high heel. Pinets, of Bond Street, have it in stock



John French

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY...

because with a name like that he is sure to win, and anyhow for each shilling she has put on she will get ten back. She is happily describing what she is going to do with the profits when Fairy Prince takes a look at the water-jump, dislikes what he sees, petulantly discards his rider, and tears off by himself after the field, while L. jumps up and down screaming, "Isn't he *brave!* Isn't he wonderful!"

BETWEEN races we eat, exchange gossip with disguised childhood friends all of whom seem to have put on a lot of weight since last year, and wander round the enclosure looking at horses as if we really knew how they ought to look in order to run faster than other horses. The result of this study is that we win consistently on every race up to and including the one before the last, and with monumental self-control, virtue and knowledge-when-we've-had-enough, decide to leave before the rush so as not to tempt Providence.



For miles we discuss the killing we have made, really spectacular because even L. has picked up on her original loss, so that the salutary lesson of Fairy Prince is not going to be of any lasting value. The only one who is worse off is B., whose investments have been so virtuously cautious that he has decided racing isn't much fun, anyway.

AFTER about fifty miles of rapid travel the car, which has behaved beautifully up to then, gets a bad coughing fit and hereafter proceeds in slow, agonized jerks. Eventually we discover a garage that is open on Bank Holiday and have the plugs cleaned. Car proceeds cheerfully on its way, until it is overtaken by sneezing fit, diagnosed by E. as allergy to petrol.

In the secure knowledge that about half a mile back we passed a garage and a small railway station at the bottom of a hill, we wait for a lull in the steady cataract of Easter Monday traffic, turn the car round and push. Eventually we arrive, to discover that the garage owner has gone to the races, and that the small railway station is expecting its second train of the day in two hours' time.

To reach home, fifty miles away, we have to take a slow train twenty miles back to the junction, get a fast one to London hours later, and then trudge out to our suburb in the Tube. The costs come to slightly more than our total winnings. Some might have said easy come and easy go. The way E. put it to the other children is that the car would have broken down anyway, and it's lucky Daddy and Mummy had enough winnings to pay for the train

- Diana Gillon



Summer showers will not catch you unawares, if you carry one of these fascinating and useful little "Poppet" Rainhats in your handbag. It folds into a tiny case, and all you have to do is to pop it out, pop it on, and—when the rain stops—pop it in again. Price 4s. 6d. From Woollands

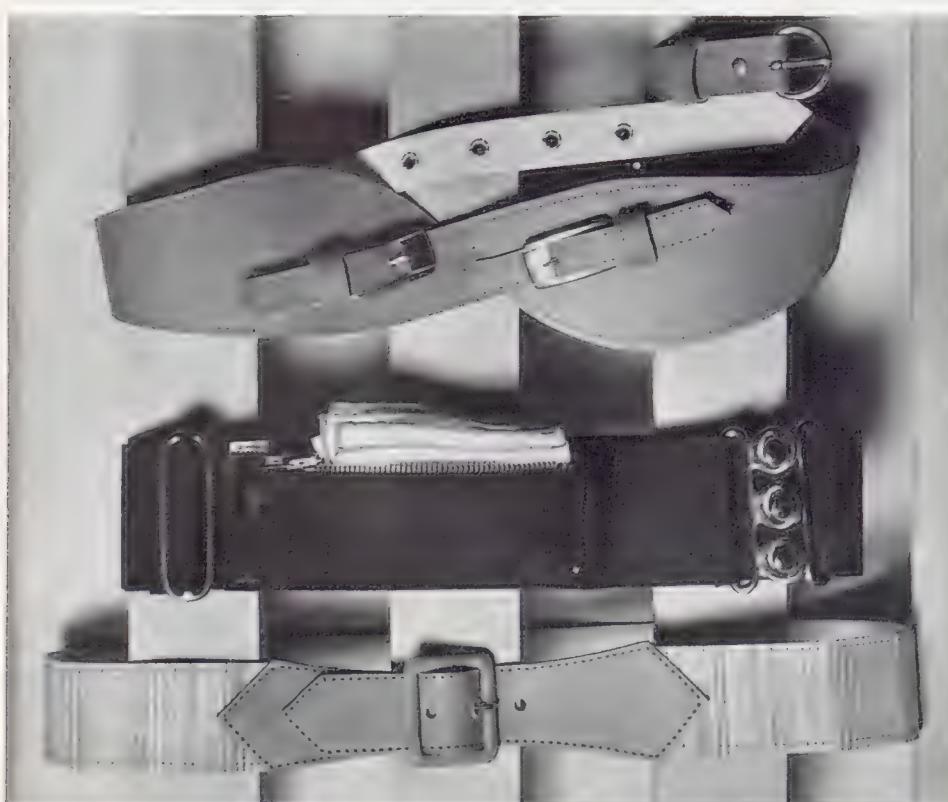
SHOPPING

What's Novel?

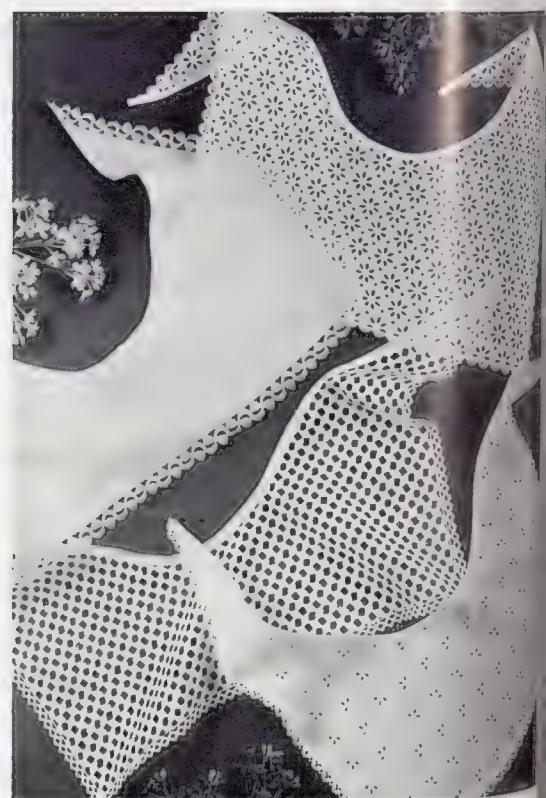
What's New?

THE answer can be found in this week's accessories, which are all up-to-the-minute and in the very latest trend. Sailor collars, as popular this season as the sailors themselves (who all the nice girls are said to love)—belts with a difference, bags, and a scarf from Italy, novelties for "on the beach," and "in the rain." I find them, you buy them

—JEAN CLELAND



Latest up-to-the-minute Childs Dixon Belts. The new "teenage" in all school colours, with zip pocket, and waist adjustable from 23 in. to 35 in., ideal for sports and school wear, price 5s. 11d. A distinctive design in cognac art hogskin, 10s. 6d. Something quite original in real wood veneer/leather, 12s. 6d. From Bourne & Hollingsworth



These particularly charming sailor collars, from Bourne & Hollingsworth, would bring any frock up to date. Prices range from 14s. 11d. to 25s. 9d.



This beautiful fruit-patterned square from Italy looks good enough to eat, both pictorially and from the lusciousness of the texture. Woollards have it, and it costs £6 16s. 6d.



Dennis Smith
Novelty for the beach can be had in this beach robe, made of towelling squares in many colours, fringed and lined. It can be slipped over the head and used as a "personal tent" for changing, or spread out rug fashion for sunbathing. Price £4 14s. 6d. "Beach Bag" waterproof lined, with bamboo handle. Price £3 7s. 6d. From Lillywhites

BEAUTY

ON TIPTOE TO FAME

WAITING for a friend in a London store I reflected, as people passed me, on how few walk with grace. In contrast, my mind went back to an enchanted evening spent watching the skating star Belita skimming across the ice, light as a leaf and rhythmic as music. All her movements seemed to flow. How, I thought, does she achieve it?

This question cropped up again as I stood remembering her in that store, and I wondered if it would be possible to discover the answer. We—Belita and I—have a mutual friend who said, "Why don't you go and ask her? Ring her up. She is sweet."

She is, as I quickly found out when I sat talking to her in her charming home—filled with lovely pictures and books—in Chelsea. Grace is not in her movements alone, but in her manner and her mind, which is, no doubt, part of the secret.

From the age of four she trained as a ballet dancer and as a skater simultaneously. When she was ten, she became a pupil of Anton Dolin (dancing with him at many charity performances), and at fourteen made her first professional appearance at Covent Garden in *Rhapsody On Ice*.

EVENTUALLY we got round to the matter of grace, health and feet, etc., about all of which Belita has interesting and out-of-the ordinary views.

To start with, she believes that to keep healthy it is necessary to perspire freely so as to sweat out acidity and other unwanted wastes. "I," she said, "do not perspire very easily, and so, to induce this, I wear at least three sweaters when I go to the ballet class, which I do every morning for an hour and a half's strenuous practice."

Care of the feet amounts in her case to sitting as often as possible with them straight out in front of her on a level with—or sometimes higher than—her body. "For this reason," she said, "I spend much of my time sitting on the floor so that automatically my feet do not hang down."

She is a great believer in water as a means to health, and has at least three hot baths every day of her life. "The hot water," she said, "helps, I feel sure, to keep my limbs and joints limber and fluid."

IASKED her about diet, and she told me that fortunately she does not care much for bread or potatoes, and so has no difficulty in avoiding starch. "When I am working," she said, "and want to be in tip-top form, my diet is high in protein. She believes that strenuous exercise uses up the sugar in the system, and, since this gives energy, she replaces it by eating bitter chocolate, which is not, in her opinion, fattening.

The all-important subject of grace brought us round to exercise, the best form of which Belita believes to be "stretching." "This is why," she said, "I took up under-water swimming, which led to my doing the first under-water ballet."

When I left—amazed at how the time had flown—I felt as though my own vision had been widened sufficiently for me to probe at least something of Belita's secret of grace and poise, which is by no means merely physical. To have poise you must have control. To have control you must have discipline. To have discipline you must have a strong grip and a broad, well-equipped mind.

Belita has all of these.

—J.C.



A recent study of Belita, world-famous skating star



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Yevonde
Miss Nicola McBean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBean, of Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7, is engaged to Capt. George Leeds, of the Grenadier Guards, son of Cdr. Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt., R.N., and Lady Leeds, of Little Oldway, Paignton, Devon



Lenare
Miss Denise Eileen Charlotte Loyd, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Haig Loyd, of Oakhill, near Seaview, Isle of Wight, is engaged to the Hon. Derek E. A. Winn, younger son of Lord St. Oswald and Lady St. Oswald



Pamela
Miss Pamela Anne Legge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, of Farnborough Park, Hants, is engaged to Mr. Gerald Graham Baker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Baker, of The Red House, Tonbridge, Kent



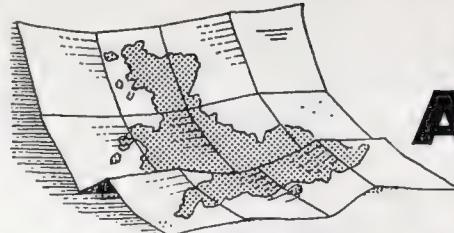
Hilary
Miss Hilary Christine Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hunter, of Cefn Mawr Hall, Flintshire, is to marry Mr. Maurice Arthur John Tugwell, youngest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. B. P. Tugwell, of Mayside, Ramsey, Isle of Man



Pearl Freeman
Miss Tina Kenyon-Slaney, daughter of the late Col. G. W. Kenyon-Slaney, and Mrs. Kenyon-Slaney, of Hayne, Whitestone, Exeter, whose engagement is announced to Capt. Thomas D. O. Codner, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Codner, The Manor House, Edginswell, Torquay



Armstrong Jones
Miss Rosemary Stockdale, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Minshull Stockdale, of Mears Ashby Hall, Northampton, is engaged to Mr. Anthony Tenant, elder son of Mr. John Tenant, of Budds Farm, Wittersham, Kent, and Lady Radcliffe, of Squires Mount, London, N.W.3



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ARMYTAGE—DE BOSDARI

Lt. David Armytage, R.N., eldest son of Capt. R. W. Armytage, R.N., and Mrs. Armytage, of Foxleaze, Limley Stoke, near Bath, married Miss Cosima de Bosdari, elder daughter of Count C. D. de Bosdari and Countess Enid de Bosdari, of Meadow Wood, Penshurst, Kent, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



POLE-CAREW—BURTON

Lt. C. G. Pole-Carew, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. G. G. Pole-Carew, of Holland Park Road, W.11, was married to Miss Gillian E. Burton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Burton, of Markham St., S.W.3, and of Addo, S. Africa, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



THORNELY—SCOTT

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Mr. Gervase M. C. Thornely, elder son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. E. B. Thornely, of St. George's Court, S.W.3, married Miss Jennifer M. Scott, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Scott, of Addington, Surrey



FITZGIBBON—
STEWART COX

Capt. Terence FitzGibbon, R.A., son of Brig. F. FitzGibbon, D.S.C., and Mrs. FitzGibbon, of Colchester, married Miss A. Dorothea Stewart Cox, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stewart Cox, of Little Plumstead Grange, Norfolk, at Little Plumstead Church



CHALDECOTT—
VON KAUFFMAN

Mr. John J. Chaldecott, only son of Mr. J. G. Chaldecott, of Crammer Court, Chelsea, and the late Mrs. Ethel Chaldecott, married Miss Alix M. T. von Kauffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Axel von Kauffman, of Rungsted Kyst, Denmark, at Hoersholm Church, Denmark



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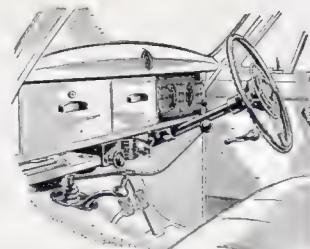


Continuity of Effort

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For 1954 three models are presented—the "Sixty" (4-cyl. 2-litre), the already famous "Seventy-Five", and the "Ninety" (6-cyl. 2½-litre). Progress in design is exemplified by a number of improvements common to all three cars, including synchromesh on second, third and top gears, and a new central gear change. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings virtually eliminate grease-gun service.

The new direct control of the gears gives full leg-room for front seat passengers—three when necessary—and allows the driver to leave by nearside door, a notable safety feature in town traffic. Note also the sponge-rubber lined tool tray accessibly placed under the dashboard.



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Wiesbaden world famous health resort — the climax of every Rhine trip and a "must" for every visitor to Germany. The healing properties of 27 thermal springs are proven remedies for rheumatism. International theatre and musical festivals, golf, riding-tournaments, casino.**Book Reviews** (Continuing from page 171)**THE GOVERNESS INTERVENES**

property in England, and his wish for a stabilized musical and domestic future determined him on quitting Russia at last.

Count Benckendorff, great in his faith in his country, gives us a testament which may well endure. *Half A Life*, though it tells of the past, should speak to the future.

★ ★ ★

WITH THE HIDDEN HEART (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.), Jane Gillespie more than fulfills the promise of her recent

first novel, *The Weir*. This second book has that blend of strangeness and truth which made Miss Gillespie's work, from the start, so striking — here, in fact, is fiction almost as strange as truth! Once more, a story about a governess; and again, an opening with the water-motif. And as before, a story set back in time, in the late-Victorian, upper-middle-class quietude. Miss Gillespie's reason for dating-back her novels (otherwise so essentially modern in their psychology) is, I feel certain, twofold — in these days, emotional situations lack time in which to develop; and governesses are rarer, if not extinct.

In fact, as *Jane Eyre* outstandingly showed, a governess makes the ideal fiction heroine. A gentlewoman of learning and sensibility — sometimes young, it may be ardent in temperament, but necessarily controlled, discreet, reserved — enters a family: and what happens? Such a person takes up a key position between her pupils and their parents; in the course of her duties she may be in close relation with either or both of her employers, husband and wife. In the middle-class household, the medium-sized home, she is likely to make herself more felt than in the aristocratic mansion, where, mainly, she is exiled to the schoolroom wing. There has come, therefore, to be a tradition that governesses (when not downtrodden) are home-wreckers. Or rather, when there were more of them this was so.

★ ★ ★

IN *The Hidden Heart* we notice how, from the first, suspicion darkens Mrs. Musgrave's view of Delphine — the remotely beautiful, innocent, half-French girl who arrives to take charge of the child Charlotte. Charlotte, while still too young to perceive why, senses crisis rising — what ails her father? Delphine, for harmony's sake, is sent away; but her fatal tie with the Musgraves by no means ends here — a series of chances make her re-cross their path.

The half-realized drama is seen through Charlotte's eyes: drastic quarrels between her parents multiply — and the girl herself, though still bound by Delphine's calm spell, finds her mind being poisoned against her one-time governess. On the roof of the boarding-school she attends, Charlotte is so unfortunate as to glimpse a disagreeable passage between two servants, which for some time queers her view of sex — put right about this, at last, by her music master, she reproaches herself for her nightmare as to Delphine. The tragic irony of the story emerges, though slowly: Miss Gillespie nobly deals with emotion — although from time to time I consider, with all respect, that her principal characters talk too much — talk, that is, when silence would be more telling.

Charlotte's growing up is tenderly drawn; and her brothers, Humphrey and George, are as young men convincing. So, alas, is her neurotic mother. The final scenes in the Cotswold cottage, with Delphine and Charlotte in charge of the dying man, show a range of poetic imagination: these give point to the title, *The Hidden Heart*.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

ANYONE who enjoyed the recordings of either the original U.S. or London productions of Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate* must make a point of hearing the four recently released gramophone records of the M-G-M film version of this piece. Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel and Ann Miller head the list of talent to be heard, and they put over their songs in tremendous style. But apart from this exuberant trio you will enjoy the contributions of the new and youthful Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, Bob Fosse, Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who are more than adequate in the way they give their support.

Not least, either, is the orchestral accompaniment conducted by the brilliant young pianist André Previn. This musical offered something new in movies and it has lost none of its glitter as transferred to the gramophone. There is more than a touch of the colour value of Salvador Dali about the whole, which in itself is an innovation; one, believe me, that should not be dismissed lightly. This set of records is better than any that have been made of this skit on Shakespeare's *The Taming Of The Shrew*. (M-G-M 708-11.)

Robert Tredinnick

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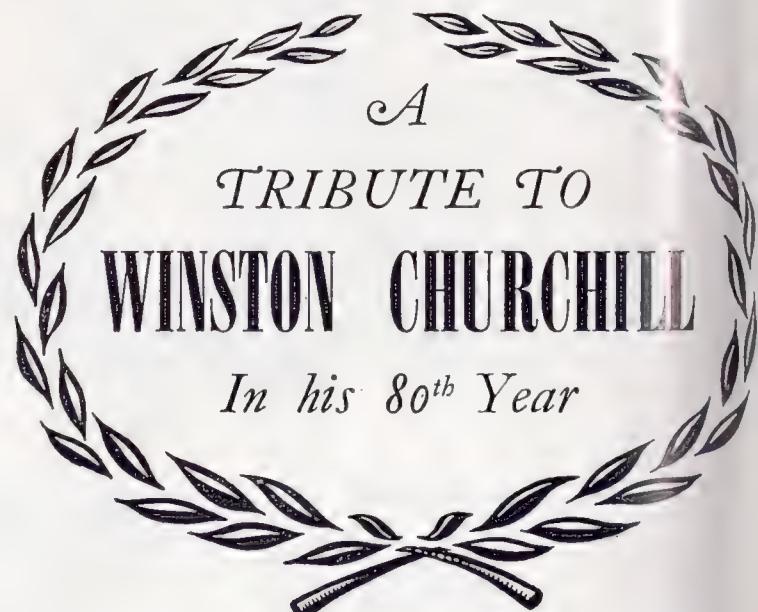
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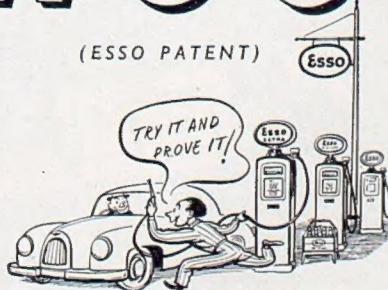
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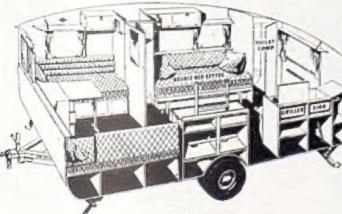
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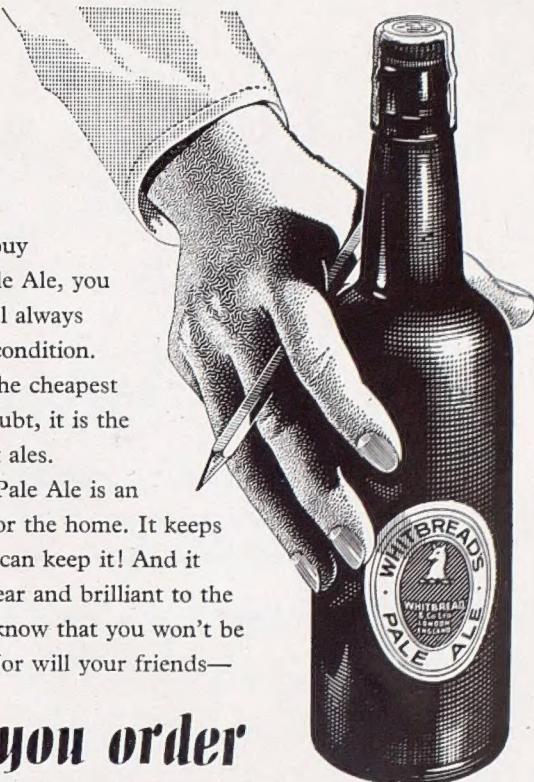
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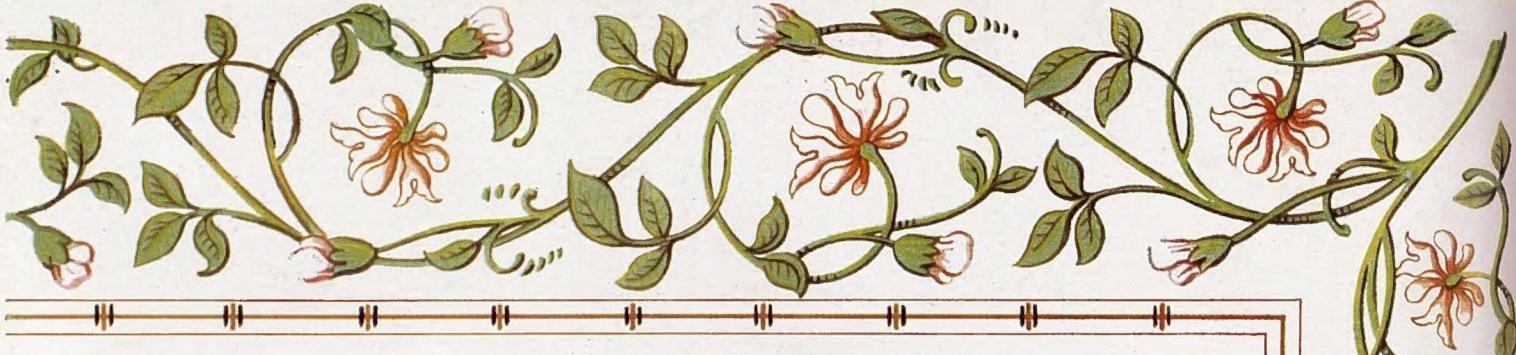
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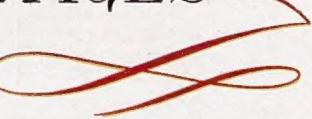
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